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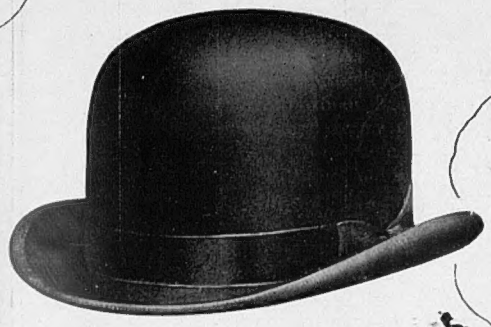

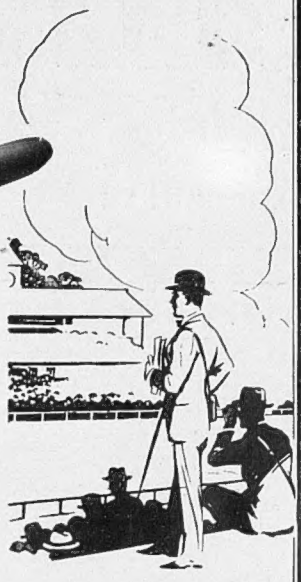

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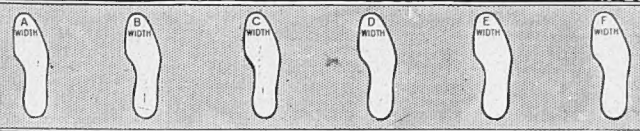

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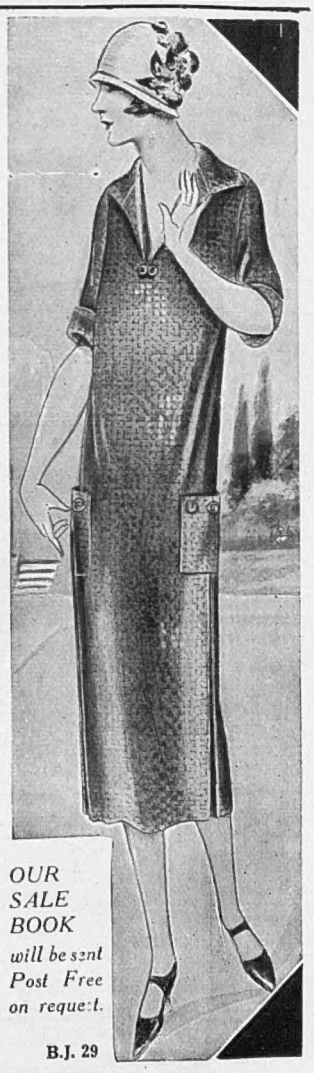

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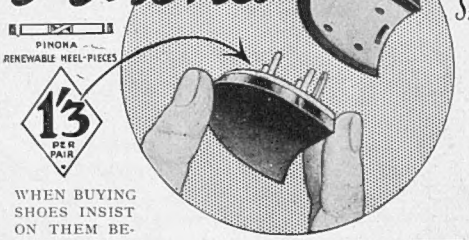

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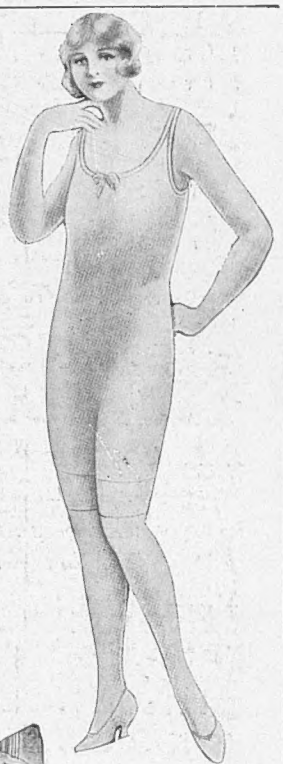

K.102.—Marvellous Value. Ladies' Medium-weight Silk and Wool Combinations. All sizes. Also with Ribbed Arms. Usual price 29/6

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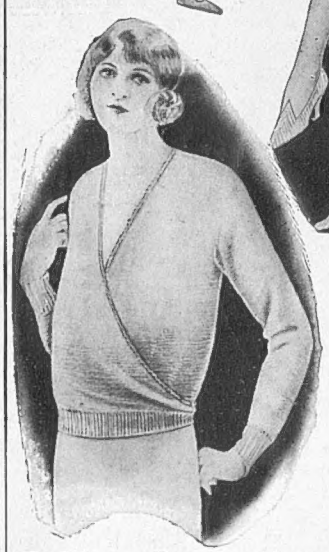

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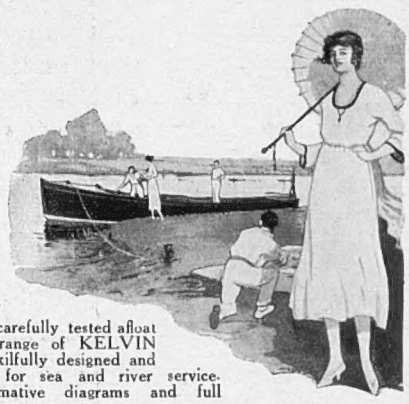

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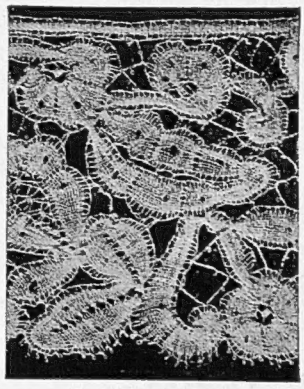

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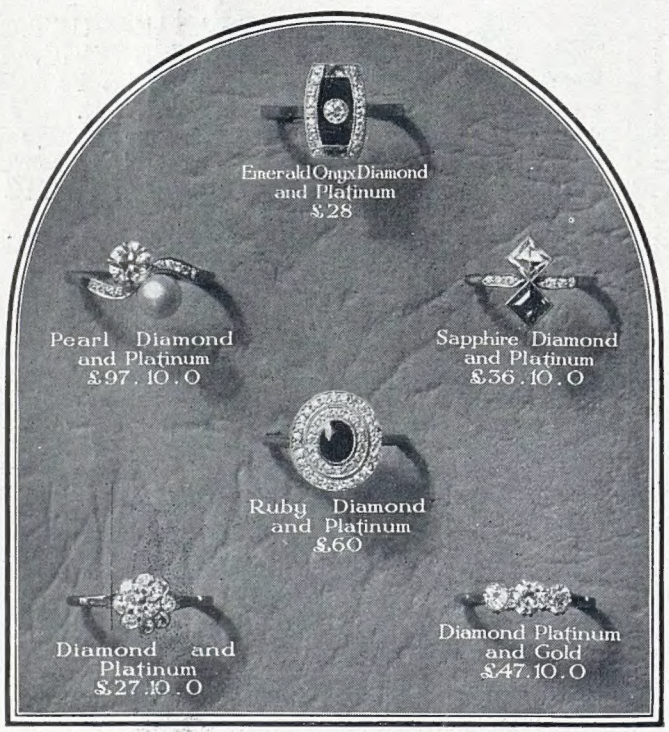

By Appointment.

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The Bystander, July 1, 1925

The BYSTANDER

No. 1126. Vol. LXXXVII

Elliott and Fry

MISS JEAN HOTHAM

Who is engaged to Lord Suirdale, the eldest son of the Earl of Donoughmore. The marriage will take place at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, on July 27

The Great Drift Age

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

WHY WORRY ABOUT DIAMOND SCULLS WHEN YOU'VE GOT PADDLES OF GOLD?

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Kissing Is A-Coming In

I AM wondering if kissing is coming into fashion again. From New York comes the news that a policeman caught a couple kissing in Central Park and nearly fainted at the unaccustomed sight, while a lady writer assures me that there is a dance hall in Paris at which the lights are lowered and partners are instructed to kiss one another. If the habit catches on in Paris and New York we may expect to find it getting a hold on London by Christmas.

Bigger Bags and Bills

MR. BERNARD SHAW is a good business man, but he has given us his views on the Epstein panel for nothing. He says its chief fault is that it isn't large enough, and I am bound to admit that he is right. I feel the same about Oxford bags and bills for the June quarter, while the Socialists probably look at Mr. Amery in that light. The Epstein panel is just a nasty little bit of insignificant and unsuitable masonry. It couldn't be right in any case, but, as Mr. Shaw says, its size alone is sufficient to make it ridiculous.

Quantity *v.* Quality

THERE is something to be said for Mr. Shaw's championship of quantity against quality. A man who deals in petty crime is a criminal indeed, while your wholesale malefactor is often looked upon as a very splendid person. Take fourpence from the petty cash and you are hustled off to jail, but ruin half a county with a wild-cat financial scheme and the arm of the law is not long enough to reach you. In the same way a distinguished author may say silly things without drawing upon himself the ridicule that would submerge a lesser scribe. The Epstein panel has drawn public attention to Mr. Epstein. Suppose we now have a Hudson panel that shall perform a similar service for Mr. W. H. Hudson.

Those Wicked Usurers

WE have been hearing a great deal of the iniquities of money-lenders while the Select Committee has been sitting, and everyone seems anxious to hang the dog with the bad name. Yet should the modern Shylock be blamed for all the tragedies that culminate in the money-lender's office? A man is usually very hard-pressed before he turns to the usurer as a last desperate hope. Weak, foolish, and extravagant he has exhausted the patience of his friends, and, in the end, the wicked money-lender gets blamed for everything. There seems to be a slight flaw in the logic of this.

Yogo Hama

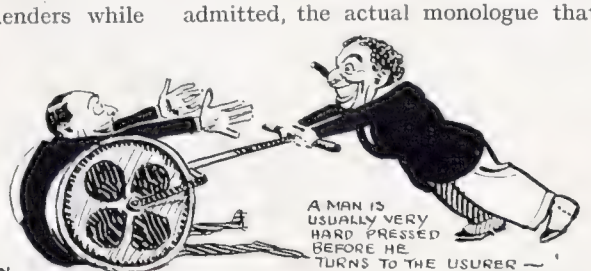
OUR own Yogo Hama might have written the letter received by the Canadian National Railways from a Hindoo who wished to secure a post on the railways: "Your honour will see from my judicious and weak-hearted tone of voice that I am well-meaning, hard-working and very devil-may-care soul, requiring abundant field for displaying copious brain power hitherto hunted by blackguard schoolmaster." Certainly, Yogo Hama will have to look to his laurels.

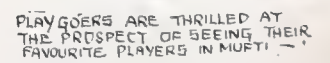
Motley and Mufti

BY the time the early copies of this journal are in the hands of the early readers, that hardy annual the Theatrical Garden Party will be in full swing, and proving, I hope, as hardy as ever. Probably it will, for the cause is as deserving as ever, and the promoters just as energetic. But as the years roll on the task of keeping abreast of the times becomes increasingly difficult. There must still be many hero-worshippers among our younger playgoers, but not everyone is to-day thrilled at the prospect of seeing his or her favourite player in mufti.

We Lead, Others——

WE of THE BYSTANDER had a particular interest in the return to the stage of Mabel Russell, which fluttered the theatrical dove-cotes last week. For, while the matter was being discussed, denied and finally admitted, the actual monologue that the lady





INDEPENDENCE DAY—1925 By "Blam"

What a "Glorious Fourth" it would be if only Uncle Sam would "chuckker" under the chin

had consented to deliver was already in the hands of readers of this journal. It is not often that a weekly "illustrated" can hope to beat the daily newspapers on a matter of news, but that is what happened in this particular case. Meanwhile, don't forget that Middlesex Hospital is still falling down.

Killing Two Birds

It is always useful to kill two birds with one stone, and in quoting an appreciation of Mabel Russell by J. T. Grein from his book, *The New World of the Theatre*, I can bring to your notice the latest work of an acute, yet kindly, critic and the lady who has been so much in the public eye during the past week. Says Mr. Grein: "Here she is, this wonderful girl—for no more than that is she to look at—who will tell us one day the interesting and peculiar story of her self-made rise in the theatrical world, and who stepped into the breach for her husband, conquered his seat, and is to-day the most-talked-of woman in London.

Darling Mabel

"Yes, she is a wonderful girl, and well may she deserve the *sobriquet* 'London Pride,' which was the title of the play that for ever made her name as a comedienne and the darling of the public. She had done much hard and capital work before that. Her vivacity, her agreeable assurance, her unsparing energy, her mobile personality, her eyes, so cutely set, so full of gaiety and sparkle lifted her in the smallest part beyond the multitude. . . . She is a woman in the finest sense of the word, and her womanliness has remained unspoiled by success or by the knowledge and struggle of life."

A Tribute to Flying

The progress made in the art of flying received an extraordinary tribute from Captain Roald Amundsen in his log of the famous Arctic expedition when he wrote: "In the air at last! Our feelings may be imagined. We are so confident in the engines that we consider ourselves home already. . . . It is now quite clear we shall reach our destination."

Uncharted Skies

Realise what that simple sentence means. After making superhuman efforts to escape from the dangers of the land, the explorers find safety and happiness in the uncharted skies. And only a year or so ago flying was looked upon as one of the shortest known cuts to suicide. It will soon be safer to fly to Bagdad than to cross the Strand—and probably a great deal quicker.

Exit the Horsey Man

A visit to last week's International Horse Show at Olympia prompts me to suggest that the "horsey man," as we know him, will soon become extinct. The younger competitors seem to belong to a new type, the hard-bitten little gent whose legs resembled a Gothic arch and who chewed a straw being conspicuous by his absence. But the ability of the horse to clear fences and the high courage of the rider remain the same.

Blowing His Trumpet

While Westminster is casting an eye in the direction of the footlights (see earlier paragraphs) the theatre is completing the *rapprochement* by providing a Parliamentary candidate in the person of Arthur Bourchier. In *The Walls of Jericho* A. B. emulated the successful exploit of Joshua in storming the citadel of Success, and his wife is now engaged in blowing his trumpet before the walls of Gloucester—with what success remains to be seen.

A Solemn Thought

"Lord, how this old world do spin!" as a famous character once observed. The Prince of Wales is thirty-one years old, which, in these immature days, must be considered a great age. Think of it, the Prince is already five years older than clever young Mr. Noel Coward—a solemn and saddening thought indeed!

A Jolly Game

I don't profess to unravel the rights and wrongs of the quarrel between the London General omnibuses and the "pirates," but I do admit to being badly frightened the other evening when a couple of sporting drivers raced each other from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly Circus. Apparently points were scored by the competitor who was leading at each stopping place, and the jolly game finished with honours easy—and my heart well in my mouth.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

A WINDSOR CEREMONY *Central News*

The King and Queen in the Grand Courtyard of Windsor Castle. The photograph was taken on the occasion of the presentation of the new colours to the Welsh Guards. His Majesty, who made the presentation, is their Colonel-in-Chief

AT THE HOSPITAL *N. P. A.*

A photograph of the Prince of Wales in South Africa. He is seen chatting to the Sisters of Mercy who tend the sick at the Ladysmith hospital

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Week of Rush

WHAT a week! More than half of everybody's acquaintance seemed to have chosen the afternoons of the immediate days after Ascot for entertaining of all sorts and kinds. There were tea-fights, luncheons, musical parties by dozens, with the Horse Show at Olympia, and the lawn tennis at Wimbledon thrown in. Wherever you went you had the uncomfortable consciousness that actually you ought to be somewhere else. In short, whatever you did, you neglected something you ought to have done.

But the people I felt sorriest for were those who are equally devoted to both horse-flesh and lawn-tennis. You can't be at Wimbledon and Olympia at the same time, but, I believe, some of the most enthusiastic chased backwards and forwards from the jumping to the lawn-tennis, and *vice versa*, in their cars.

ROYALTY UP NORTH *I. B.*

The Duke and Duchess of York on the steps of the York County Hospital on the occasion of their visit to that city last week. The Duke of York unveiled a stone memorial to the citizens who gave their lives in the War, and also unveiled the Five Sisters window in the Minster, restored in memory of the Empire's women

The Court

THE King and Queen will be at Buckingham Palace from now until the end of the season, unless the usual visit to Holyrood takes place. So far no announcement has been made of Their Majesties' intentions as to the Scottish visit.

The Duke of Devonshire's health may necessitate a change in the King's yearly custom of paying a visit to Bolton Abbey for grouse-shooting on his way to Balmoral. The Duke has not been able to leave Lismore Castle in Ireland since his illness, but is now so much better that the Duchess has been able to come to London for a few days. Lord and Lady Hartington have paid frequent visits to Lismore during the Duke's illness.

A Forgotten Dynasty

KING MANOEL and Queen Augusta Victoria will probably take no further part in the season's gaieties as they will be in mourning for the latter's grandmother, the Countess of Trani, who has died at Munich.

The Countess of Trani was born a Duchess in Bavaria, and married the eldest half-brother of the last King of Naples sixty-four years ago; that is just about the time when Naples ceased to exist as a kingdom and was merged into Italy. The Count of Trani died nearly forty years ago. He had little chance of ever succeeding to the now visionary throne of Naples, as the last King, Francis, who rejoiced in the sounding titles of King of the Two Sicilies and of Jerusalem, had a full brother, the Count of Caserta, who had seven sons amongst his eleven

children; and a goodly provision of sons' sons.

King Francis had no children by his marriage to the intrepid sister of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and when he died, after thirty years of exile, the Count of Caserta claimed his rights and titles, and renewed the protestation made by the late King against the merging of Naples into Italy. Privately, in his villa at Cannes and elsewhere, the Count of Caserta is always treated as a Sovereign. His three half-brothers, the late Count of Trani, the Count of Girgenti, and the Count of Bari were Royal Highnesses. So were their wives with the exception of the Count of Bari's. That was a morganatic marriage.

Wealthy Exiles

THERE is a whole clan of these Bourbons of the Two Sicilies. Some live in France, but the majority live in Spain. The Count of Caserta's second son, Prince Charles, became a nationalised Spaniard when he married the niece of Spain's sister. After her death he married the sister of the Duke d'Orléans, the Duchess d'Aosta, and Queen Amélie. That marriage took place at Wood Norton, and, as I think I have told you before, was the first Royal ceremony ever to be filmed. One incident recorded by this film I remember. It was the Duchess d'Aosta obviously giving a few winged words to her brother, the Duke d'Orléans.

Unlike most royalties in exile, the sons of the Two Sicilies are passing rich as between them they share the private property of the Kings of Naples. The Count of Caserta, for instance, owns (or used to own—the palace in Rome, occupied by the French Embassy. I say "used to own," because no one seems to know whether the endless *pourparlers* for its purchase have ever come to anything.

THEIR MAJESTIES AT WIMBLEDON *[Central News*

The King and Queen shared with some twenty or more thousand of their subjects a view of the match between Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan, at Wimbledon last week

For special article on Wimbledon and photographs see pages 39, 40 and 41

A Royal Engagement

ADVICES from Italy, as they used to say in eighteenth century newspapers, tell me that the engagement of the King of Italy's second daughter, Princess Mafalda, is leaving the Italians quite cold. The young man is Prince Philip of Hesse, the third son of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, and, therefore, own nephew to the ex-Kaiser, whose sister Margaret married Prince Frederick Charles, the brother of the blind Landgrave of Hesse, once a popular figure in London.

The Landgrave always stayed at the Berkeley. He had the same suite of rooms every season, where he gave delightful and interesting musical parties.

The marriage is unpopular amongst the Italians, I am told, for a variety of reasons. First, although the most democratic people in Europe, they did not entirely approve of the marriage of the eldest daughter, Princess Yolanda, to Count Calvi di

Photopress

IN THE GARDENS

Princess Mary photographed on her arrival at the Royal Botanical Gardens last week. She received the guests at a garden party given by the Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild

POLO IN SPAIN *Agency Grafica*

The Queen of Spain accompanied by her children, the Infante Don Jaime, the Infanta Dona Cristina and the Infanta Dona Beatrize. She is seen chatting with the Duke of Alba and the British Ambassador, Sir Horace Rumbold

A JULY BRIDE [*Hay Wrightson*

Miss Hope Wright, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wright, of Haseley House, Warwick, whose marriage to Capt. C. G. Keith, M.C. (late Grenadier Guards), is to be solemnized next Thursday (July 9) at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Miss Wright is well known in Warwickshire hunting circles

Bergolo, an Italian cavalry officer. They hoped for an alliance between the second daughter and an English prince. This was impossible because of the difference in religion. When that hope faded away they seized eagerly upon the circumstantial accounts of an engagement between Princess Mafalda and the Duke of Brabant, the heir to the Belgian throne.

So they are not best pleased with Princess Mafalda's engagement to this third son of a German non-reigning house, who likewise is the nephew of the ex-Kaiser, and a nephew, too, of Queen Sophie of Greece. They still distrust Queen Sophie in Italy.

When they are married the young couple are going to live in Rome. One circumstance of the marriage is curious. This is the first time in the history of the House of Savoy, the oldest reigning family in Europe, that one of its members has married out of the Roman Catholic faith. Prince Philip of Hesse is a Lutheran, and is not going to change his religion.

A Merciful Escape

I SEE that a castle and an estate of 5,000 acres in Breconshire has just come into the market, together with sporting rights over an extra 6,000 acres. The castle is called Maesllwch, but unfortunately, the notices of the sale don't give a guide to its pronunciation, so how you would tell anybody the name of your abode if you bought it I have no idea. But just think! Maesllwch was inspected more than once by those responsible for choosing a country home for King Edward, then a youthful Prince of Wales. The distance from London was its only drawback. Imagine, if our fathers and grandfathers had had to say Maesllwch every time they said Sandringham, and we had to go on saying ditto now!

Topical

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

Major C. A. Breitmeyer, M.C. (7th Queen's Own Hussars and his bride, the elder daughter of the late Major-General Sir Charles Parsons and Lady Parsons, after their marriage last week. The bride's sister, Mrs. C. A. Kershaw (wife of the famous Rugger half-back and "*beau sabreur*"), acted as dame d'honneur

The Tragedy of Furniture

THAT gallant old soldier, Lord Grenfell, made a confession in his will which very few of us ever have the courage to make. He said, "I have been a slave to my furniture for years," and directed his trustees to sell all they could of it.

One of the unwritten, unspoken tragedies of these changing times lies in furniture—old furniture, perhaps inherited, perhaps bought, every piece either standing for a little bit of family history, or a *trouvaille* we've sleuthed down and saved up for. I nearly said "thrifted for," but that's a nasty Americanism for which you would never forgive me.

Well, something happens. Taxes soar; investments sink. We hate to part with our family possessions, or the "wonder bits" we have picked up. They mu have a roof, and "rather than sell a stick hundreds of people go on living in hous which they can only keep up by cutti their personal expenses to a minimum slaves to their furniture.

Sentimentally they are right. Econ mically they are wrong. Lord Grenfel will reminds me of a tragedy of furnitu An old lady in Devonshire, the last of distinguished old county family, h inherited beautiful Stuart, Jacobean a Chippendale furniture. In the fami papers which she treasured, there were t receipted bills for every piece.

She had an income sufficient for h needs, and over and over again refus tempting offers from London dealers, whom every article of her furniture w known. She was robbed of practical every penny by a scoundrel. He went prison. She was left with her furniture a a pittance.

Everybody urged her to sell. T furniture meant an income sufficient relieve her from misery. She refused off after offer. The furniture was fami furniture, she said, and so long as she liv she would keep it. You can understa the spirit, can't you, the passionate clingi to the family possessions of centurie But that old lady died of what the docto

THE YOUNGER SET [*Hay Wrigh*

Miss Daphne Buxton, daughter of Mr. E. G. Buxton, late High Sheriff of Norfolk and Norwich, and Mrs. Bux M.B.E., who was presented to Their Majesties last Fri

called malnutrition—you and I call it starvation — surrounded by exquisite specimens of centuries-old furniture.

A Friend of England

THERE will be an especially interesting evening at the Forum Club next Tuesday, July 7. The Baroness de la Grange is going to describe her experiences with the British Army in France during the War. She rendered us signal service more than once, at the risk of her life. The Baroness is a D.B.E., and holds the Legion of Honour and its Belgian equivalent. Her services to this country did not end with the War, for she obtained from the French Government the fine headquarters now occupied by the Paris branch of the British Legion, which the Prince of Wales opened last summer.

Hay Wrightson

AN AUSTRALIAN DÉBUTANTE

Miss Betty Foster Barham, who was presented by her mother, Mrs. H. G. Foster Barham, at the Second of Their Majesties' Courts last week

Rheims Cathedral

THOSE who subscribed to the restoration of Rheims Cathedral will be glad to know that the two magnificent books, *The Golden Roll* and *The Book of Life*, containing the names of the subscribers and of their relations who fell during the War, have now been placed in the Cathedral itself. Hitherto they have been kept in the Bishop's palace.

Although the Cathedral will be in the hands of the workmen for some years to come, a portion of the north aisle has been walled in, and is used for services. The two books have been placed in the sacristy of this walled-in portion, and I am asked to tell you that they can always be seen by visitors on application to the Sacristan.

"For Charity"

WHEN a band of amiable young men and women give their time and talents for the benefit of such deserving charities as the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital and the Deptford Fund and Albany Institute, their efforts should not be subjected to too severe criticism. Last week the Chester Club "presented" a revue by Miss Barbara Cartland, the authoress of *Jig-Saw*. It was called *The Mayfair Revue*. It might have been called anything, but it drew a goodly number of people to the Hotel Cecil, who seemed delighted with the efforts of the young ladies on the stage to appear exactly like chorus girls; so the charities benefited, and that was the essential point.

THE HON. VERENA MAXWELL *Lafayette*

The débutante daughter of Lord and Lady Farnham, in the dress she wore for her Court presentation

Hay Wrightson

MISS PHYLLIS LEE NEIL

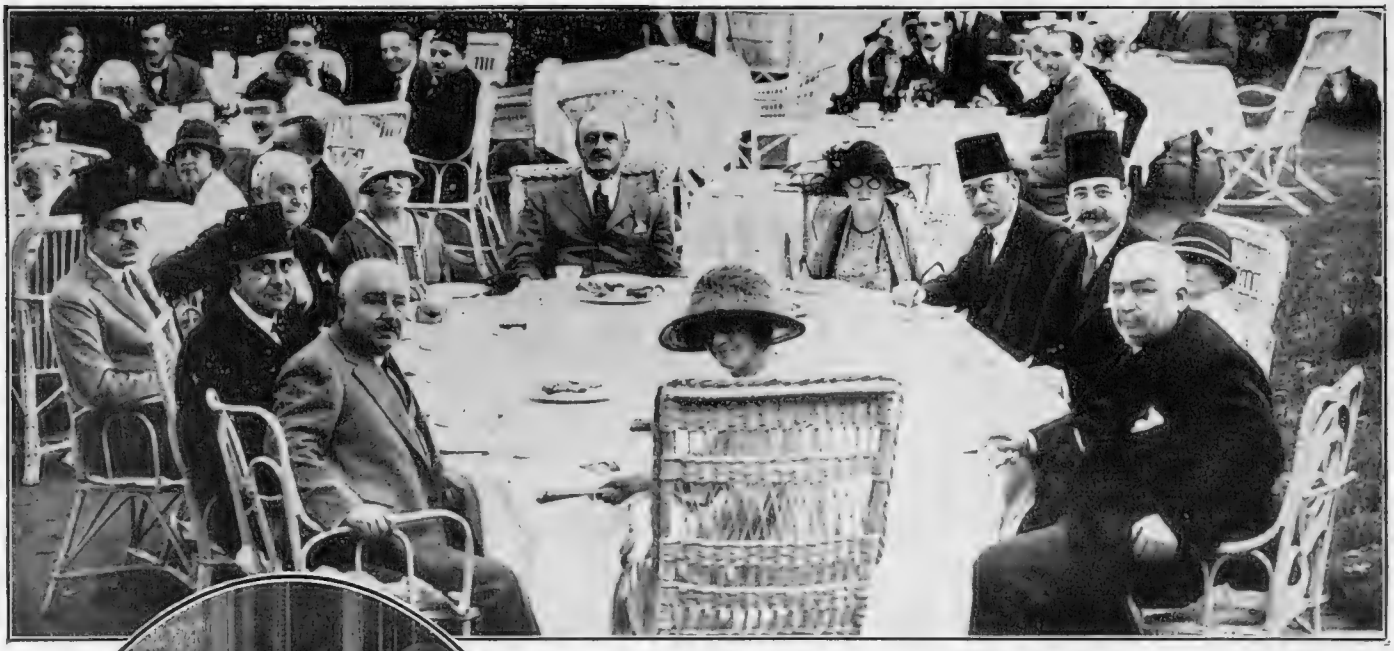
Daughter of Mr. Lee Neil, the Wembley Commissioner for Australia, and Mrs. Lee Neil, who made her curtsy to Their Majesties at Court last week

South Africans in London

A NUMBER of South African visitors to London were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Mosenthal last Wednesday at an "At home" held in "Voorhuis" in the South African Pavilion at Wembley. Actually the reception was given for the party of South African farmers who are visiting this country, and the gathering partook of the nature of a pleasant meeting of friends. Several of the Boer farmers to whom I spoke were loud in their praise of the Royal Farms at Windsor which they had visited the previous day, when they were afterwards entertained by His Majesty to tea. This, I believe, is the first time the Royal Farms have been thrown open to Dominion farmers, a courtesy that was evidently much appreciated by these agricultural experts from overseas.

The Pirandello Plays

PIRANDELLO has certainly set the town talking, and we have to thank Mr. Cochran for a new experience. The Italian dramatist looks at life from an angle so different from that of other dramatists



A FAREWELL PARTY *Topical*

Lord and Lady Allenby at the tea-party given by the Corps Diplomatique at the Mena House, Cairo, before their departure from Egypt. The photograph includes: Lord and Lady Allenby, Ahmed Zieves Pasha, the President of Council, Said Ziofikar Pasha, Grand Chamberlain of the King, the American Chargé d'affaires and his wife, the French Chargé d'affaires, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Nachah Pasha

A CHARITY AFFAIR *Alfieri*

Lady Willoughby (left), Miss Imogen Grenfell, and Lady Moira Lyttleton at their flower stall in Grosvenor House, where a three-day bazaar was held. It was in aid of the Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End

and other people, that however much you may disagree with his theories and theses, your interest is gripped from start to finish.

After *Six Characters in Search of an Author* we had *Henry IV*, *Naked* and *Right You Are*. In the first, Signor Ruggiero gave one of the best assumptions of insanity ever seen on the English stage. In the second, *Naked*, the honours fell to Signorina Marta Abba. The English title, *Right You Are*, of the third play, did not convey the subtlety of the Italian title, *Cosi' E' (Se vi pare)*. Shakespeare's "As You Like It" is a nearer translation. This play showed Pirandello in a lighter mood, tilting with biting irony against the effects of human curiosity in other people's affairs.

Broadcasting Possibilities

THE enormous possibilities of the wireless as a power for good were brought home to thousands of listeners-in—especially in the provinces — when the *Daily Graphic* All Star Concert was broadcast in aid of that deserving institution the Infants Hospital, Westminster, last Thursday evening. It means also a new way of appeal—an appeal that *really* leaves room for a purely voluntary answer. What I mean is this. Without wishing in any way to disparage the good folks who work so hard and so earnestly at Charity matinées and flag days, there is always an element of coercion in their methods; that, I'm afraid, is quite inevitable. But with a broadcasting concert such as this mammoth enterprise of the *Daily Graphic* it is quite different.

A New Method of Appeal

YOU see, this concert was given—free. You sat quietly at home, undisturbed at your own fireside. You listened to the finest collection of artists that broadcasting in this country has hitherto known — to George Grossmith and Joseph Coyne, to the Hale family, to Gladys Cooper and Hilda Trevelyan (incidentally it is worth mentioning that Sir James Barrie has never allowed his work to be broadcast before), to William Boland and Beatrice Miranda in some wonderful operatic excerpts, to José Collins's golden voice, to Leslie Henson's funniosities, and to a merry company from the "Punch Bowl" revue. You even had the chance of winning £50 for identifying a "mystery" singer! And then, it was merely suggested to you by Mr. Gomer Berry, the Chairman of the Infants Hospital, Westminster, that if each of the five million listeners-in sent in as little as one shilling each as an appreciation of the entertainment they had enjoyed, this worthy institution would be the richer by £250,000! In other words it was left entirely to your own charitable sense of fairness—it was just "up to you." Surely that is the real way to appeal for charity. It is to be hoped that the results will easily justify our faith in human kindness!

A BRITISH VICTORY *W. A. Rouch*

Lieut.-Col. Malise Graham, D.S.O., 10th Royal Hussars, this year's winner of the King George V. Gold Cup at the International Horse Show at Olympia. He is seen on his bay gelding "Broncho," which he rode to victory

"Let Brotherly Love Continue!"

BY E. T. REED

THE USUAL LABOUR IGNORAMUS: "'Ere! Don't let me 'ave any of that rot about 'British Life, Trade and Interests'! And don't you interfere with my Chinee Comride what's *rightly strugglin' for better industrial conditions!*"

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Disappointing

It cannot be denied that the result of the recent Inter-Army matches at Hurlingham caused a great deal of disappointment in regimental polo circles. Before the War, the idea of an Army team coming from America and beating the pick of our regiments would have been simply impossible. As a fact, polo was hardly known in the American Army in those days, and it has only been since the end of the War that the game has been taken up with enthusiasm in military circles in the United States. That it has made such remarkably good strides is largely due to the practical support given to the game and its players by the War Department at Washington. The Army authorities there have seriously taken up the game as an important branch of Cavalry training, and are placing every possible opportunity in the way for their officers to improve their game.

American Progress

Thus the game has made astonishing strides in the service on the other side of the Atlantic, and the old supposition that England's regimental polo was supreme has been completely knocked on the head. When the United States Army defeated the British Army upon meeting them for the first time at Meadow Brook in 1923 the result was looked upon as a fluke in this country. Our men were so much in front of the Americans on the handicap that it seemed absurd to imagine that they could have been beaten on their merits. Excuses were made for our defeats, the chief one being that our ponies (whose departure from England had been delayed) were not fit enough to do themselves justice. We had every chance this year to wipe out the defeat of 1923. Our Army polo authorities had nearly two years in which to make their preparations.

By "The Tout"

"LADDIE" AND "EARL"

Otherwise, Messrs. Sanford and Hopping, those two polo enthusiasts from across the Herring Pond, who are so well known over here

Staff Work

I have seen it stated that we were beaten last week because of lack of organisation. I do not agree with that opinion. Our Army team this year was organised about as well as any team of the sort ever will be organised. The men were got together by a careful process of selection and elimination long before the opening of the London season. They had ample opportunities for practice at Tidworth, and everything was in their favour after their arrival in town. Excepting that Mr. Selby McCreery lost the services of one of his best ponies about a month ago, there has been practically a clean bill of health so far as our ponies are concerned, and before the big games it was generally agreed that our men would at least be as well mounted as the Americans.

Outplayed

The truth is that our men were completely outplayed in the first game, while in the second match the Americans showed just enough superiority to win on their merits by a narrow margin. It is a pity that the British Army did not scramble home on Wednesday, for they improved immensely upon their preceding display, and if a third match had been necessary to decide the rubber, I doubt whether the Americans would have had more than an even money chance of winning. The brothers McCreery are likely to go on improving, but unfortunately they will be in Egypt with their regiment when the preparations for the next inter-Army matches have to be made. All interested in polo in this country will unite in congratulating Major Louis Beard upon his splendid achievement. It is a great thing for him to have built up so strong a team and to have collected such a sound stud of ponies.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

A Good Winner

Ascot is now ancient history, though this is the first opportunity I have had of touching on the events of the concluding days of that very brilliant meeting. I am afraid the majority of punters had a losing Ascot, but the followers of "Carbine" ought not to have come out on the wrong side, considering that one of the few "good things" I put up for the meeting was Compiler, who was good enough to oblige by winning the Wokingham Stakes at the very comforting odds of 20 to 1. I had stated in my notes that he would assuredly improve upon his Newbury form, and so he did, very handsomely indeed. No doubt the handicapper will take good care of this horse when he compiles the weights for the Stewards' Cup, but Compiler is an exceptional performer over six furlongs when at his best, and there is just a chance that he will repeat last season's triumph at Goodwood.

Priory Park

It is useless seriously to discuss the Stewards' Cup before the appearance of the weights, but if I were to take a shot at finding the winner upon an estimate of the efforts of the handicapper I would pick Priory Park. It was over this six furlong course last year that this colt made his first public appearance, and one has a vivid recollection of seeing him canter away with this race at long odds. In view of the fact that he was an outsider, one was surprised to hear the cheering which greeted his success from all parts of the course. Explanation—not only was he trained in the district, but was the property of the Chichester butcher, Mr Charlie Howard, who in his younger days was a leading professional cricketer. Mr. Howard had made no secret of his belief that Priory Park would win. He had tried the colt most satisfactorily by the clock; the result was that all Chichester and district was on Priory Park to a man. And it will be the same if the colt takes his place in the field for the Stewards' Cup.

Bravo Silvo!

I hope I am not too late in extending congratulations to all connected with Silvo in that horse's triumph in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris. In recent seasons French horses have done so well in this country that it is decidedly satisfactory to get a bit of our own back. The French steeplechase courses are so different from our own that it is immensely creditable when an English trainer wins one of the great prizes at Auteuil. Mr. Percy Whitaker has had no luck in his efforts to win the Grand National, and probably the best horse he has ever trained for that race is Silvo. The latter has twice missed the mark at Aintree, and nothing can ever fully console his joint owners and trainer for his failures there. But his success in Paris certainly goes a long way to making up for previous disappointments.

Irish Derby

We do not like to see our classic colts perform in in-and-out fashion, so it was agreeable to find Zionist returned the winner of the Irish Derby. He did nothing wrong at the Curragh, beating Warminster and the rest just as decisively as his performance in the Derby suggested he would do. It will be pleasant this week to be racing behind the Ditch at Newmarket. The July Meetings are invariably among the most delightful of the year. and there is always first-class racing to be seen. On Wednesday **Laughter Tor** may win the Duke of Cambridge Handicap, and **St. Germans** should take the Princess of Wales's Stakes on the following day, if nothing the worse for his effort at Ascot. At "A.P." on Saturday **Grand Joy** may win the London Cup.

The Ordeal By Water

BY A. D. PHOENIX

Some impressions of the press which exists along and around the course when Henley Regatta is in full swing. Apart from its social significance, however, quite a lot of good racing is to be seen—by those who are fortunate enough to get a front place on the course

Motley Musings

THE MANAGER'S POINT OF VIEW

It is easy to complain
Of "The drama of the Drain,"
And to beat up those ecclesiastic forces;
We don't mind that feeble fuss;
But the thing that worries US,
Is the drama of the drain on our resources!

. . . . .

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT wishes to divert the course of London's river. Why doesn't he set the Thames alight and have done with it?

. . .

"MONEY!" roared the tempestuous tipster, "I don't want your money. Why, I've as many quids as Tommy Lipton 'as tea-leaves!"

. . .

A NONCONFORMIST minister (also a cricketer) has written denouncing the two-eyed stance at that game. Perhaps it reminds him too much of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

. . .

A GENTLEMAN recently spoke for 12 hours in Hyde Park on the iniquities of Mr. Epstein's Rima. There seems to be no rima reason for either performance.

. . .

"NIGHT-CAPS," we read, "will soon become popular again." With the usual whisky and lemon trimmings, we presume.

. . .

"IF your William smokes any more of my best cigars," remarked the parent to his daughter, "I shall have much pleasure in footing the Bill!"

A MANAGER declares that, if the theatrical censorship is removed, there will be ructions in dramatic circles. Of course. Then the banned'll play.

. . . . .

Quoth a humorist (Scottish), "King Solomon,
It is true I could scribble a column on;
But though I might amuse,
'Twould offend lots of Jews;
For King Solomon was such a solemn mon!"

. . . . .

A chappie, who chartered a yacht,
Went out when 'twas blowing a lacht,
Feeling pains in his tum,
He drank two pints of rum.
Did he get back to port? He did nacht!

. . . . .

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON has just published an amusing collection of stories in which one gentleman really eats his hat and pigs really do fly. We trust he will eventually discourse on the person who "talked the hind leg off a donkey," and the hero who "cudgelled his brains."

BECAUSE of the small number of its inmates, Ipswich gaol is to be closed. Its present inhabitants are protesting with all the courage of their convictions against their evictions

. . . . .

"CONSCIENCE does a lot of funny things," remarked one disappointed dramatist to another, "but I wish it really would make Cowards of us all!"

. . . . .

"AH'VE got a fine whippet," said one Yorkshireman to another.

"And ah've got a rabbit," said his friend, "let's have some sport."

Putting the rabbit in a bag they proceeded to a field, gave bunny a start and released the whippet, whereupon both streaked out of sight followed by their owners.

"Hast seen pup and rabbit?" they enquired of a farmer two fields further on.

"Aye."

"How were they going?"

"Pup leading by six lengths!"

. . . . .

AN increase in juvenile drinking is reported from Glasgow. Oh, these little nippers!

. . . . .

AN EXAMINATION PAPER

POINT out the fallacy in the phrase "hiding behind a woman's skirts."

Explain with reference to the context, "Goodwood needs no crush."

Criticise the statement that "The Critics' Circle can never be squared."

Estimate the effect on a teetotal tennis player's constitution of a prolonged course of mixed doubles.

What eminent Aberdonian wrote, "Parting is such sweet sorrow"?

What are the wild waves saying when the wireless apparatus is jammed?

Work out in recurring decimals your opinion of the Upper Ten. Do not employ your lowest common terms.

What do you know about:

(*a*) The Oxford Tearle.
(*b*) Little Compton.
(*c*) Layeton.
(*d*) Naresborough.

. . .

THE sight of a nymph disporting herself in the waves may inspire a poet with lyrical ecstasy; but many a rhapsody is ruptured when she emerges.

HARTLEY CARRICK

RUSH TACTICS

By A. E. Bestall.

RETURNED HOLIDAY-MAKER: "What! Not going away till September? Surely that's a bit late?"

NEIGHBOUR: "Well, I find nowadays that it's best to go late and avoid the rush of those who take their holidays early to avoid the rush!"

The Old Old Tale

BY J. NORMAN LYND

Even in those days they didn't know <u>what</u> the younger generation was coming to!

Produced June 8, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a playful outbreak of mid-summer madness. The people in this piece are quite impossible; but they are wholly delightful. They seem more like wayward puppets than real characters, and every now and then you get the idea that someone behind the scenes has pulled the wrong string and entirely upset the logical sequence of events. We begin with Judith Bliss and her husband David who live, more or less in retirement, at their house at Cookham. We do not see much of David at first as, being only an author, he doubtless lives in the seclusion of the attic or the cellar. Any odd corner of the house is good enough for these people.

Stage Photo Co.

THE HAY FEVER-ISH FAMILY GETS HEATED

David Bliss (Mr. W. Graham Browne), Simon Bliss (Mr. Robert Andrews), Judith Bliss (Miss Marie Tempest), and her daughter Sorel (Miss Helen Spencer), have a somewhat acrimonious discussion on topography at the breakfast-table

BUT we are at once introduced to Judith and her son Simon, and her flapper daughter Sorel. Judith has retired from the stage, and being a quite impossible person she has invited to her house for the week-end an athletic young man who thinks he is in love with her. As we all know, that sort of thing is not done in real life. Then we learn that Simon, a boy in the calf-love period of youth, has similarly invited Mrs. Myra Arundel (Miss Hilda Moore), an attractive widow a good deal older than himself, say twenty-nine—which is, I believe, the official age limit for attractive widows. Then Sorel announces that she also has invited a week-end guest, a Mr. Richard Greatham, a middle-aged diplomatist with whom she is sure she is deeply in love. The family wrangle for a while as to which of the guests is to occupy the Japanese room, which is presumably the best bedroom in the house; and then Mr. David Bliss makes a belated appearance, remarking simply that he is expecting a flapper down for the week-end. She is to be shown into his study directly she arrives, and she will, of course, have the Japanese room.

THEN someone gives the strings a jerk, and the guests are for the moment forgotten. All that Judith can think of is her resolution to return to the stage. She misses the popular applause, and above all she misses the bored looks of the superior critics who sit out her performance in an anguish of weariness before going back to the office solemnly and ponderously to break a butterfly on the wheel. One or two of the more important critics are readily identified by the names of the papers they represent, thus giving an air of actuality to the farcical proceedings. Then apropos of nothing in particular, Judith suddenly breaks out as an exponent of one of her favourite parts, and wrings her hands in a fiercely melodramatic scene while her boy and girl, who are quite familiar with the play, take their respective cues in the best manner of burlesque.

THEN the guests begin to arrive. First there is Sandy Tyrell, the athletic young man, who comes as Judith's sworn admirer, and is found in the library a few moments later kissing Sorel with an expertness clearly born of long practice. Richard Greatham, the diplomatist, and Jackie Corydon, who is the flapper expected by David Bliss, arrive together. Jackie is obviously unnerved at finding herself at such a strange house party, where there is no one to welcome her formally. While they are waiting for somebody to turn up, Greatham, as a travelled man of the world, tries to entertain Jackie agreeably, while she nervously comments on his descriptions of foreign places with a vapidity that is delicious. Everything he says is either "lovely" or "awfully nice." Then the family bustle in to tea, without taking any notice of the two latest arrivals. Mr. David Bliss is too busy with his muffins to think of anything else, Simon is dancing attendance on his charming widow, while Sorel and her mother bicker over the teapot Meanwhile, Mr. Greatham and Jackie sit there in embarrassed silence and wait for the tea that never comes.

THE second act takes place in the evening. After dinner the best kind of entertainment the Bliss family can offer their guests is a sort of charade. A word is to be decided upon, and each member of the company is to be asked to perform some action expressive of the word chosen. While the selection is being made Sorel goes out of the room; but by the simple process of listening at the door she is able, in due course, to solve the mystery without any very great mental effort. The company hovers for a while in its choice between "saucy" and "winsomely," and finally decides on the latter. Sorel is recalled from her very semi-seclusion, while Judith

walks about the room with a rose in her hand with a "winsome" air. Mr. Greatham, the diplomatist, is hardly so successful in his delineation. Asked to light a cigarette in the manner of the missing word, he strikes a match with what is usually known as abandon, and then playfully chucks Sorel under the chin. When the company protests that this is not an expression that meets the case, he explains to Judith in an agonised whisper that he thought the word selected was "saucy." Mr. Athole Stewart, who acts with owl-like solemnity, brings out the fun of the jest to the full.

and hugs her nicely just as Judith has returned to the room. Judith, however, having a little affair of the kind of her own on hand, obviously cannot afford to be too critical.

As a relief to her overwrought feelings, Judith at once begins going through once more her favourite part on the stage. In this she is the innocent girl who is the victim of the designing villain of the piece, and while she spouts her mock heroics, Mr. Bliss stands by heaping ridicule on the familiar outbreak. The scene is interrupted by the arrival on the scene of young Simon Bliss, who rushes in from the garden to say that he has become engaged to Jackie Corydon. Jackie promptly denies that any such arrangement has been made. All that has taken place is that Simon, doubtless in a moment of hereditary weakness, has kissed Jackie, and everybody knows that you don't become automatically engaged to a girl like that.

When the puppet-strings are pulled again, and the company disperses, leaving Judith alone with Mr. Greatham, who, after listening to her fascinating chatter for a while, permits himself to bestow a chaste kiss on the back of her neck. Judith is in ecstasies about it. She at once begins calling Mr. Greatham by his Christian name, and rhapsodises over this new love that has come into her life. Her husband must be told about it in due course, and then she and Mr. Greatham will go away together and live happily ever after. Presently Mr. Bliss appears. He comes from the garden, but as he is accompanied by Myra, the fascinating widow, domestic affairs can obviously not be discussed at the moment. So Judith and Mr. Greatham retire, and Mr. Bliss and Myra sit together, and presently, as will of course sometimes happen with the best people, he gives her an impulsive kiss. Myra protests vigorously against this behaviour; but Mr. Bliss is a man with the clear courage of his convictions. He follows Myra round the room,

Stage Photo Co.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS IN THE "BLISS" HOUSEHOLD

The Bliss family ignores the four guests at tea-time in "Hay Fever" at the Ambassadors Theatre. Left to Right: Miss Helen Spencer, Mr. Athole Stewart, Miss Ann Trevor, Mr. Patrick Susands, Mr. Graham Browne, Miss Hilda Moore, Mr. Robert Andrews, and Miss Marie Tempest

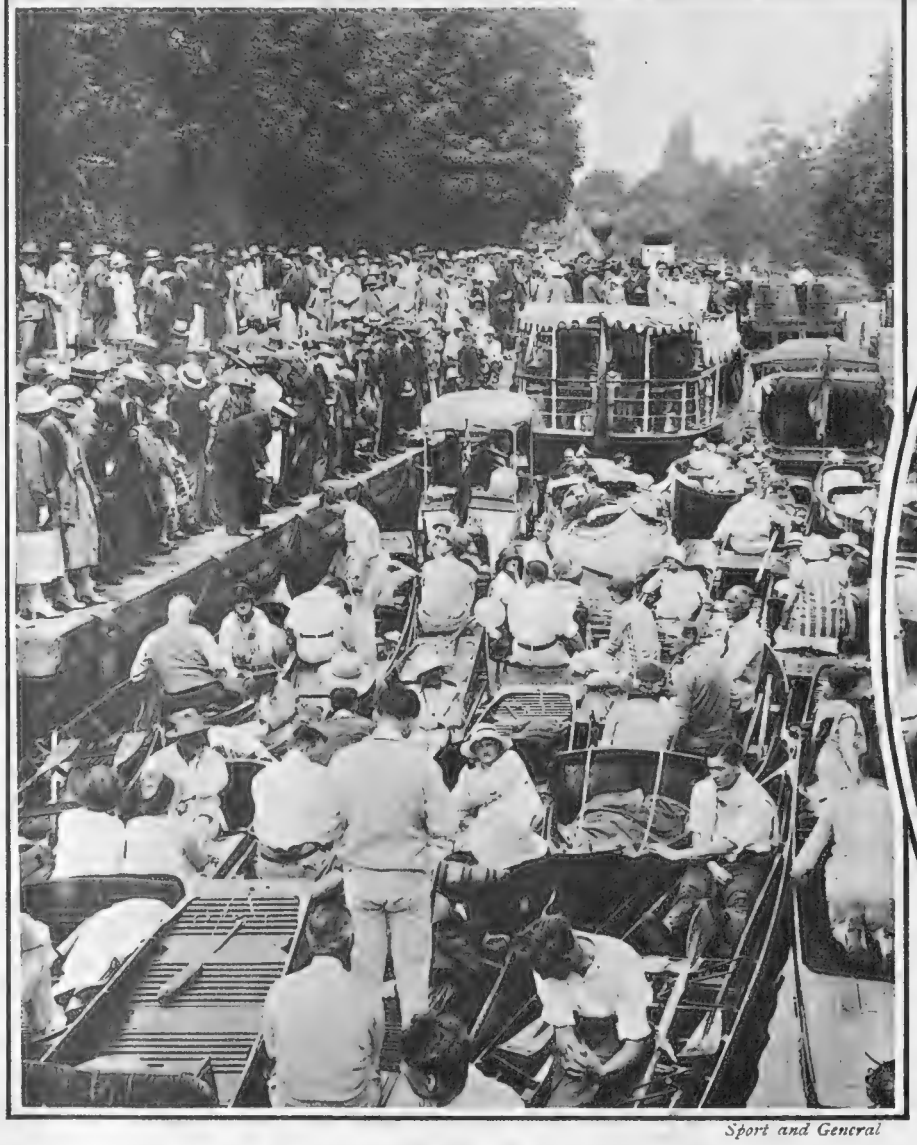
The last act opens at breakfast on the following morning. One by one the guests steal furtively downstairs and snatch a hurried meal before taking an abrupt departure from their intolerable hosts. A little later the family come down to breakfast, but beyond a comment that it seems rather rude for their guests to have left so suddenly, no more thought is given to the absentees, and Mr. Bliss is left reading to his bored family that newest chapter of his latest novel. The story the play has to tell is quite inconsequential, and the various complications vanish into thin air at the close; but the wonderful acting of Miss Marie Tempest gives the thing a quality that must be seen to be believed. Mr. Graham Browne is excellent as Bliss, and Miss Ann Trevor gives a remarkably able performance as the mouse-like Jackie. The happy frivolity of the piece, with no plot to bother about, makes it an ideal summer evening's entertainment.

JINGLE

Some Aspects of Summer Sport

IN MASSED FORMATION *Topical*

The guests at Lady Charles Henry's residence, Parkwood, Henley-on-Thames, on the occasion of the recent cricket match between the Members and the Staff of the House of Commons. This is an annual fixture which was started by the late Sir Charles Henry



Sport and General

FILLING UP

An impression of the crowds which congregated on and by the river on Ascot Sunday, the day in the year when—weather permitting—Boulter's Lock at Maidenhead is kept most busy. This year it was very apparent that the Thames has lost none of its popularity

Sport and General

AT BOULTER'S

Lord Desborough, the Chairman of the Thames Conservancy Board, well in the centre of things aquatic. The photograph was taken during one of the busiest hours on Ascot Sunday

as Reflected in the Camera Lens

BEFORE THE BATTLE *Central News*

Mr. A. B. Houghton, the American Ambassador, arriving at Hurlingham for the first of the polo matches between the British and the United States Armies. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter

ROYALTY AT HURLINGHAM *P and A.*

His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, shaking hands with the captain of the British Army team, Captain J. P. Dening, before the start of the match

Sport and General

ON THE GROUND

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught photographed at the International Army Polo match at Hurlingham. The U.S. Army won by eight goals to four

Topical

POLO PEOPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill at Hurlingham for the Army Polo. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is himself a keen player

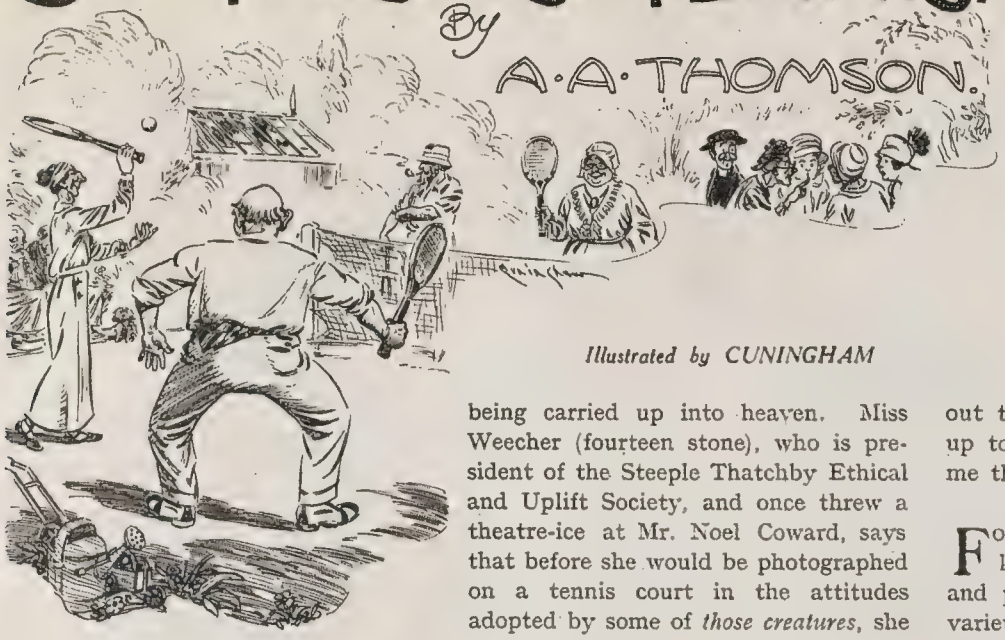
Alfieri

POLO PLAY-TIME

Captain and Mrs. Kekewich at Hurlingham. The ground was packed with well-known society people who saw the defeat of the British Army

SO THIS IS TENNIS!

By A. A. THOMSON.



Illustrated by CUNINGHAM

THOSE unfortunates whose experience of tennis as a spectacle is confined to the acquiring of a crick in the neck in the vicinity of the centre court at Wimbledon, have missed some at least of the rarer and more exquisite joys of life. In Steeple Thatchby it is our contention (and we are open to correction if we can be proved wrong) that tennis is a good game played slowly. Slowly, mark you. We feel that the modern craze for speed which is rapidly reducing the entire human race to a state of neurasthenic dither, has had a ruinous effect upon tennis as a sport, as an art, and as a vehicle for village scandal. Take Tilden. We have nothing against Mr. Tilden personally; he is, no doubt, an exemplary citizen, and kind to animals. All we object to is his method of playing tennis; rushing about the court in a heated condition and banging the balls down so hard that they bounce right over your head. That sort of thing is not done in Steeple Thatchby.

MR. TILDEN is, of course, an American, which is an excuse for much. MM. Lacoste and Borotra—both foreigners, poor fellows—and that rather nice-looking girl—Susan Something, is it not?—are known to us by their photographs in those nice picture papers. (So clever to take the photographs just as they're jumping, don't you think?) We do not condemn them entirely. After all, they are foreigners, and foreigners are so strange. There is no limit to what foreigners will do. Nevertheless we hold to our general rule that when we play a game of tennis we play a game of tennis, and do not indulge in an attitudinal orgy which combines the brighter features of swallow diving, the Himalayan devil dance and Elijah being carried up into heaven. Miss Weecher (fourteen stone), who is president of the Steeple Thatchby Ethical and Uplift Society, and once threw a theatre-ice at Mr. Noel Coward, says that before she would be photographed on a tennis court in the attitudes adopted by some of *those creatures*, she would die. Which is a literal fact.

THE court shall be a rectangle, 78 feet long and 27 feet wide. Thus the rule-book, with all the finality of the Ten Commandments. But this is obviously a counsel of perfection. It expresses a pious aspiration and a beautiful ideal, rather than a practical policy. We should like our court to be 78 feet by 27 feet, but the Vicarage lawn is the Vicarage lawn. There is no ecclesiastical law—this is the fault of Cardinal Wolsey or somebody—decreeing that Vicarage Lawns must be 78 by 27. Which is a pity. We must, therefore, be content with what we have, the only alternatives being the Chapel burying ground, the High Street and Farmer Pimstrim's meadow, which includes the thrilling possibility of being caught foot-faulting by Farmer Pimstrim's Friesian bull.

"Knocked off a policeman's helmet."

THE court itself is, then, a little short at one end, for which discrepancy we compensate by making it a little wider at the other. This involves the inclusion of a natural "pepper-box" in the form of a William pear-tree, but this is all in the interests of brighter tennis. So successful has this natural hazard been—you should see the Vicar serve among the branches—that our secretary has written to the L.T.A. about it, suggesting that its use be made universal throughout the game. We have had no reply up to date, but you can take it from me that the effect is unique.

FOR courts in general there are three kinds of surface; asphalt, grass and plantains. Ours is of the latter variety. It is plantains, plantains all the way. There is a good deal to be said for this type of surface. There is also a good deal to be said . . . . . I remember a young curate once . . . But he afterwards left the Church and went cattle-punching in Canada. Plantains add to the excitement of the game. Once the ball has struck a good clump of plantains it may bounce anywhere—in earth or sky or sea. Anywhere. I often tell my friends that I once served a ball which landed in the court, shot over the Vicarage garden wall, knocked off a policeman's helmet, rolled up the thatch of the cottage opposite, and fell back into a basket of eggs in a passing cart, being subsequently sold at eleven for the shilling at the local market. My friends believe it. Sometimes I almost believe it myself.

OUR court lends itself to strategic subtleties. We first get our opponents at the end adjoining the Vicarage wall. The back-line is only two inches from the wall, and we put every ball straight on to it. In the course of the first few games nothing is heard but the gnashing of teeth and the crashing of the foemen's racquets against the wall. At the other end we have an even more deadly trap. The base-line is guarded by a privet hedge, behind which is a disused greenhouse (masked from view). Once in every six shots an opponent puts a ball through the hedge.

Crash! Tinkle, tinkle!

Apologies. "Awfully sorry! Clumsy of me . . . have to pay . . ."

"Well," says the Vicar, "we keep a little box, you know . . ."

Poor mutts! They think it's for the missionaries. We never actually say so. Our New Net Fund is going along nicely, thanks. The greenhouse hasn't had a whole pane in it for fifteen years.

The Shingle Habit

BY BATCHELOR

HE: "Ooh! I've bumped my head most dreadfully against a rock!"
SHE: "But there aren't any rocks about here."
HE: "Then it must have been a permanent wave!"

BY CHLOË PRESTON

ZONS

Ultra-Marine

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

One of Margate's new "Neversick" pleasure boats for keeping an even keel in the roughest sea

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Bouche à Bouche"

MES AMIS—

ONE wonders what would happen if some Civil Servant of the First Class doing drab, daily duty in Whitehall (after mounting with the due respectability all the steps of Public School and University necessary to obtain this eminence in strictly orthodox obscurity) should heave at the heads of tradition-ridden officialdom in particular and shockable London in general such Smollet-like books as those that Paul Morand gaily flings to the publishers of Paris every seven or eight months.

SHOULD such a British Paul Morand be known to be an official at the Board of Trade or the Department of Agriculture there would be no little raising of agitating hands. First the reviewers. Some of the most restrictive would probably mention with curt brevity that such books were unsuitable for notice in *their* columns, and many of the broader-minded would possibly advise the author that he would have done better to conceal his identity under a *nom de plume*.

THEN there would be letters to Editors from people in lesser-known celandine hamlets of the Home Counties who, having first taken the precaution of reading every word, would protest that such writings should not be permitted, and that the author should be sent to East Africa in disgrace. And after that, probably, questions in Parliament, with suggestions to the writer's Ministerial chief that this unspeakably audacious young official should be placed under the necessity of choosing between a worthy career in a serious, if minor, capacity, or—official connections severed—a notorious rivalry with Rabelais, Balzac, Casanova, and other painters of *mœurs* who have called a spade a spade in very frank French or Italian.

YET nobody in Paris thinks of putting a crimp in the literary licence of Paul Morand because, in his daily round and common task, he occupies one of the thousands of *bureaux* at the Quai d'Orsay, and nobody suggests he is in any way rendered inferior as a diplomatist. He is, in fact, rather more efficient in the conveyance of diplomatic *valises* through dangerous areas because of his familiarity with the haunts of the yellow-streaked in every capital in Europe; and if he tells of the habits of the feminine moiety of these yellow-streaked, sometimes ravishingly beautiful and alluring, as demanded by readers of mere fiction about spies and their machinations, it is to be assumed that he is confident he will be as well received as ever when next he renews their acquaintance. And for describing the welcome that such adventuresses can give him, Paul Morand has nothing to learn from Casanova. In *L'Europe Galante*, his latest book just published, he tells of things exactly as he saw them, and it is clear that he saw a lot of things that few people see—and saw them *à l'œil nu*.

"The precaution of reading every word"

BEING a great believer in luck myself—all my long putts go plonk in the tin on Friday the thirteenth—I was glad to have the confidences of Maurice Yvain apropos of his *porte-bonheur*. Yvain may be able to write catchy song and dance music that is almost bound to be successful on its own account because he generally introduces a lilt that is irresistible,

"A perfect imprint of rosy rapture"

but, as extra assurance, he likes to call in the aid of the goddess of chance, and so in the titles of his operettes is always included now the word "*Bouche.*"

THIS has been his talisman ever since the record-smasher *Ta Bouche*. His faith in the word has been shown by the run of *Pas sur la Bouche*, which can fill a house on the hottest nights. Like the true gambler Yvain is out for a double with his next operette, which is to be entitled *Bouche à Bouche*. Maybe Dame Fortune will appreciate this double meed of adoration and smile on him either with double strength or for a double length of run. I hope she won't think he is being greedy and turn her back on him.

WITH that sure touch on the pulse of public taste that is the mark of worth, THE BYSTANDER has begun a competition of finger-prints at a moment when the smart coteries of Paris are throbbing with enthusiasm over a *nouveauté* of a similar nature. In Paris it is not finger-prints but lip-prints. Collectors of these "records" offer a visiting-card to the willing collaborator thus complimented, and she places the back of the card to her lips, leaving, in rouge, a perfect imprint of rosy rapture—or crimson cussedness. It depends on your relations of the moment what interpretation you give. A collection of this sort, with *aides-memoires* in the way of dates, might be very thrilling to you in the after-years.

SOME of us were compelled to make so many tours of inspection of the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs while in an unfinished state, that prejudices were aroused which it is difficult to shake off. Really, this exhibition of untrammelled innovation has turned out much better than appeared possible, and one is constantly discovering new virtues. What I particularly like is the thoroughness with which the British organisers have set about ensuring that wandering Britons, who may be feeling a little homesick during a week's absence, shall be offered solid reminder of the homeland. No, no, not British beer, gentlemen; nor the kitchen cooking range, ladies. No, none of these individualistic trifles.

THE great rallying point of national pride, a vermilion beacon set amid overcrowded rhomboids in white, is a fine old British pillar-box, a departmental pillar of Empire, a link with outpost stations in the uttermost dominions, a uniquely British bond of communion. Home-keeping Britons might fail to appreciate the stroke of genius in the choice of a pillar-box as cement of Empire, but that is because they have not lived in lands where letter-boxes were the first and greatest triumph in the art of camouflage and concealment; where you can only find one after stimulating the recollections of the oldest inhabitant; and, having located the hiding-place, you find the foot-high slit in the wall choked up with old letters because the postman on that beat has lost his guide-map. My hat is raised to the man who reminded British exiles in Paris of the unfailing British pillar-box; he is no stranger within these gates.

THESE are democratic days, and yet one is a little surprised to stumble on duchesses buying remnants, as we did at the foot of the Montmartre hill, where an exceptional little *boutique*, open to the *quatre vents*, offers bargains to the few who are in the secret some three times a week. Not only duchesses but princesses, to say nothing of comtesses, were visible; and it was clear they were regular customers because the *patron* could be heard to say, "That's an odd amount; we'll settle next time." An astonishing *homme d'affaires* this *patron*, for he may be seen as a guest at *thés-dansants* in the hotels-palaces of the Champs-Elysées on his afternoons off, but tactfully bears himself as a total stranger to any of his *clientes* whom he may encounter. Weird capital of contrasts, our *cher Paris, n'est-ce pas?*

RENÈ

"Duchesses buying remnants"

Big Wigs on the Green at Moor Park

BY HYNES

Some prominent people at Moor Park, where counsel was heard (in the open-air) in a *cause célèbre*, Bar Golfing Society *v.* Moor Park. Moor Park was awarded the verdict with heavy damages (to the course) but no costs. We understand that special leave to appeal has been granted for next year. Our artist, with commendable restraint, has refrained from picturing the nineteenth hole, where, it is said, the Bar had a busy time—discussing the evidence to be ruled out

YOGO HAMA BLOWS OFF STEAM!

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

I ARE in the receipt of your estimable favour of the 30-7-25 of even date which you imbeg me to inform you in some estimates for goodish commentings re concerning the Railway Century and Harrow Speech Day at Stockton and Darlington. For a No. 1 A quality commenting *f.o b.* I can make to quote you——

"Mr. Y. Hama, how can you speak such a frightfully truthless lie! I have not ever disdained to seek your quotations which, very reversely, I would not soil myself to touch with a pair of tongs," you declam, Hon Sir?

"Hon. G. Stevenson made discover steam"

O this are very awful *contretemps* (French for a brick) which my so private secretary, name of Matsu, has dropped with both feet. The even date letter abovely mentioned arrived itself from Hon. Sir———— M.P. for ————, imbegging I should quote my costs for producing him a very genuine, hole-proof speech. Kindly to impardon this so pardonless *mal à propos* (French for misprint).

"What are all this flapping-doodle, Mr. Y. Hama, re ladder-proof speechs for Hon. Sir———— M. P. for ————?" you requesh, Hon. Sir?

Permit I should read you my prospectus as vizly: "Y. Hama and Co., Ltd., Paris, London and New York. Speech and commenting contractors to Hon. BYSTANDER by special appointments, also crowned and other exclusive heads. M.P. speeches a speciality in all their branches. All speechs kept on ice during the so hot weather, and——"

"Stop, Mr. Y. Hama! This are an amazing damnish impudence. Do you imagine to suppose for 1 tic that I give you valuable spaces for free advertising your quacks? I have very good minds to boot you in 4 places and bag you *sine die*. Produce me at 1-ce your legitimate commentings, otherwisely your name shall be Yogo Walker and not Hama any more!" you inflame, Hon. Sir?

"Some inventors were more non-luckish"

O yes, you are jealous for envy because of not inventing this so lucrative patent on your own bat, I ensneer. All so well then, I shall discharge my commentings as per invoice vizly: (i.e.)——

"I are not jealous for envy, Mr. Y. Hama! I would not demean to have your ideas on my bat for a gift."

Kindly to hist and permit I should produce some goodish informations re the Stockton and Darlington Railway Centennial. This so great event are because Hon. G. Stevenson made discover steam, which he then patented for localmotives. Saidly Hon. G. Stevenson was watching the kettle to boil for tea and—— ("Jealous for envy! If I had a so empty head as yours, Mr. Y. Hama, I would rent it for hire as a foot bladder.") —— and it boiled on his foot, causing him to hop very profusely. This produced him the so brilliant idea that if steam caused him to hop, it also could make engines and other patents to hop. So he invented a steam Rocket which propelled at 5 or 7 miles per *m.p.h.* with enormous success. Thusly if there had not been any tea, there would also not have been any kettle, not any steam, no hops, no Rocket, and not any Centennial. Some inventors were more non-luckish, because their Rockets exploded and—— ("If you accuse me of feeling jealous for envy 1-ce more, Mr. Y. Hama, I shall suit you for damagings.") ——— blew them to smithereens and other smallish particles (I ejacule victoriously). The next very great Centennial are the Harrow Speech Day at Lords when also a lot of steam will be let off. Arrayed in specially prepared smiles, the youthish scholastics will throng to voraciously hear the sweetish and classic words of the Chief Academic. When he has completely decanted them, some very bespoke scholastic infantines will depict a performance in extinct Greek. This should be a very entertaining spectacular and perhapsly show how

"When I was a Harrow infantine"

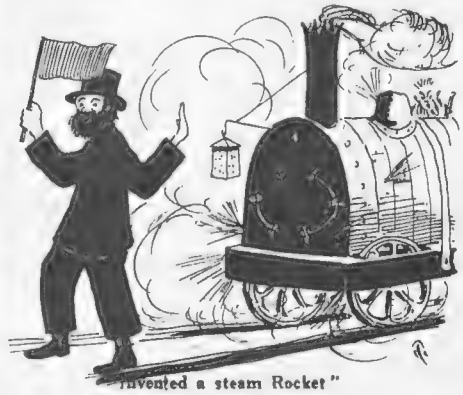
Hon. Sir Archilles made to combat Hon. Sir Hector for who should nuptial Helen Troy who had the most good looks of an extinct femn——

"I should so soon be jealous for envy of a small potatoe as you, Mr. Y. Hama," you interjacule?

O kindly to insock it! When I was a Harrow infantine——

"You were not ever a Harrow infantine, Mr. Y. Hama. You are so full of truthless falsehoods as a cokernut. And if I could not depict more better commentings as you, I would eschew my hat," you vocif?

"The so beloved Chiefmaster"



"Invented a steam Rocket"

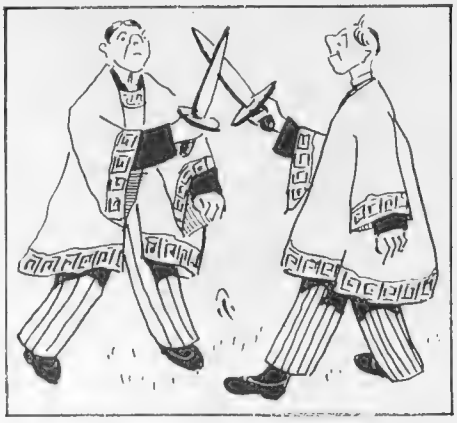
(Continued on page 36)

A Little Table Decoration

"Sasha"

MISS EILEEN SHARP

The well-known soubrette of the D'Oyly Carte Company, who is to appear in Mr. Basil Dean's new production of Mr. Galsworthy's play "The Show" at the St. Martin's Theatre to-night (July 1st)



"Archilles v against Hector"

All so well then. I furl my pen. Now produce us your so brilliant depictings, Hon. Sir (Ha, ha, I can see you turn pale for winds up !)

"Now I shall show you, Mr. Y. Hama, as follows: Hon. Bystanders, I beg very painfully to inform you that because of his so wicked non-truths, I have donned the pen of Mr. Y. Hama (who was not ever birthed at Harrow, but very reversely in Japan) to depict you some authentic facts. Harrow Speech Day are very *élite* festive when the so beloved Chiefmaster presents to his scholastic flocks good prizes and other boons for assiduously studying their Greeks and Latins. After saidly presentments, a Greek display of Archilles v. against Hector or other ancient Trojans, are solemnized. Then——"

O hel—p, I ejacule, this are so dry as a leadings article on Trotsky.

"Dry, Mr. Y. Hama ?"

As dust, Hon. Sir. You have not squeezed a pinch of afflatus from my pen. I begroan to imagine how enormously you shall have diminished our circulations.

"Ha, ha, you are jealous for envy, Mr. Y. Hama !"

Bar, you make me to crack for mirth. But kindly to continue your so inspireless words, I rebark.

"Harrow has grown to be an entirely different spot from ancient times when *Harrovians* (Latin for Harrowsters) ablutioned under a pump and other hardy discomforts. But in these so softish days saidly Harrovians have grown very non-Spartan—alasly, Mr. Y. Hama, I cannot think of the requisite words to say next," you bemoan ?

I do not imagine to suppose so,

"Ablutioned under a pump —"

"Harrovians have grown very non-Spartan"

for you have succeeded to only manslaughter the Anglo tongue and depict yourself a frightfully ignoramus person with not so much as a pint of afflatus, I response.

"I confess you, Mr. Y. Hama, I cannot approach your so brilliant talents which must be born, and cannot be invented. I cannot any more ride my high horse because of falling in the soup. I capitule. I kick the sponge. I throw in the bucket."

I trust to hope this shall be a good warnings to you, Hon. Sir, to not imitate the frog which bursted to be an elephant. Hoping you still suffer good healths,

I remain

Yugo Hama

Lenare

A BOOM IN THE "SHARE" MARKET

Albert Zapp and Josephine Head, the well-known dancers, get together for a little study of contemporary literature. They are appearing in "On With The Dance," the successful Cochran revue at the London Pavilion

A Matter of Gravity

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Our artist's intelligent attempt to solve the grave problem of the rush hours in the UndergrounD by utilising the neglected stairways instead of crowding the lifts

From Our Portrait Gallery

Mabel Robey

MISS FAITH CELLI

Who is playing one of the leading parts in "Mixed Doubles," the new comedy at the Criterion. She made a big reputation for herself in many Barrie plays, notably in "Dear Brutus"

LAST WEEK AT WIMBLEDON

ENGLAND'S RE-AWAKENING.

By H. S. S.

When Wimbledon started it was pretty generally agreed that England "hadn't an earthly" of regaining the Men's Championship. Indeed, it seemed quite on the cards that she might not even gain a place in the last eight. Whether this somewhat gloomy foreboding will have been fulfilled I am unable (writing, as I am, several days in advance of the date on which this issue of The Bystander appears) to say. But I am, at any rate, able to congratulate our men upon their good showing in the early stages of the fray. The pleasure of seeing them do so well was all the greater because it was an unexpected pleasure. One of our most improved players, E. Higgs, was up against it at the very start; he drew Lacoste, and I imagine that if Higgs had been asked to name the one man whom he did not wish to bump into at the very first go he would have named Lacoste. Yet he put up a real good fight against him, and fairly held his own for about a set and a half. After that, it is true, he tailed off a good deal, but I put that down to the fact that he has not (as far as I know) encountered a game of anything like the power and perfection of Lacoste's this year. Playing as well as he has ever played in his life, he was able to match it for a time, but the strain was too great for him. His chief failing, which this match emphasised, is that he is only a very indifferent volleyer. This is a pity, because his ground shots are fine enough to form a really good foundation for a volleying attack.

Lacoste's next victim was the young Durham player, M. V. Summerson, who has only come into real prominence this year. He died even more gloriously than Higgs because he stuck it longer, and was actually a game ahead at one time in the third set. Summerson should, I think, go far. He has built up his game more or less unaided, for the standard of play is by no means high where he comes from. But there it is, and, as far as I could detect, there isn't a weak point in it anywhere. One of his merits is that his backhand is as strong as, if not stronger than, his forehand; another is that he has learnt the obvious, but nowadays much-neglected, lesson that a good length on the drive is essential for anyone who aims at promotion to the highest class.

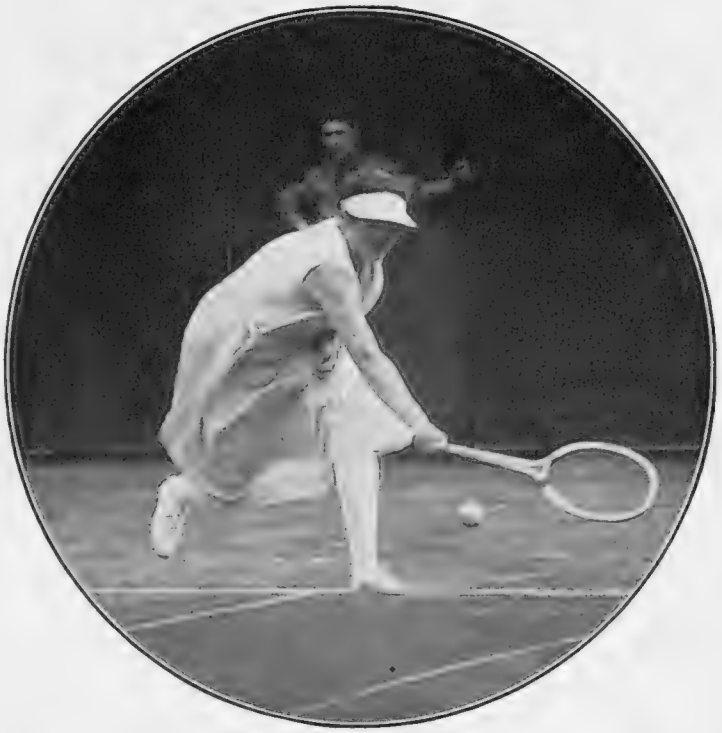
O. G. N. Turnbull, known to his intimates as "Tiny" because he happens to be just the reverse of tiny, has played for England in the Davis Cup (the last time was in 1921), and looks like doing so again. Little was seen of him in public last year, but since he started tournament play again in the Spring he has come back by leaps and bounds. Borotra beat him in the second round, but his fate was not sealed until they had played sixty games, which is very good going indeed against the man who won the Championship for France for the first time last year. Turnbull, besides being a powerful hitter and wonderfully agile for a man of his weight, has a big heart in his big body, and is consequently the possessor of courage, coolness, and the will to win. You don't see him rattled (as some people are) by a false bound or a doubtful decision, and his form is altogether more consistently good and reliable than it used to be.

The next man on my list is G. R. O. Crole-Rees. He and C. H. Kingsley, the Oxford Blue (who came down from Oxford last year), had a capital match in the second round, and Crole-Rees just won it. Incidentally, Kingsley has played for England this year in the Davis Cup; Crole-Rees has not. I should think that he will before long, for after beating Kingsley he went on to make matters very lively indeed for J. Hennessey, the best of the Americans, who (in America) has beaten Borotra, Patterson and Norton.

Lastly, of those who did not reach the last sixteen, or, in other words, did not get through more than two rounds, we saw Lycett back in his old form again, the first man to take a set off Lacoste and extend him pretty well to the full. Next week England has to encounter France in the Davis Cup. I think France will win, but it is not going to be the procession which it threatened to be a month or six weeks ago. And, mark you, I haven't even mentioned Gilbert and Gordon Lowe, whose fate as I write still hangs in the balance. At any rate, there need be no more talk about England "lagging behind." We may be behind still, but we are certainly not lagging.

And now for just a word or two about *the* big match of last week—Mlle. Lenglen *v.* Miss Ryan. I prophesied in The Bystander that this was going to be a women's Wimbledon, and the big crowd which assembled to witness their first meeting since that memorable match of a year ago bore me out. The result of it is by now almost past history, but the extraordinary facility with which "Suzanne" won twelve games on end from the best woman-player (bar herself) that the world has ever seen, is still a vivid picture in the minds of those who saw how it was done. And I am prepared to bet that there was an extra amount of rejoicing in France over "Suzanne's" victory, because it was witnessed by our King and Queen, to whose presence she was summoned to receive their congratulations before they left.

I do not think that I am far out in saying that Mlle. Lenglen was never in doubt about her ability to win. She lost the first two games with equanimity against an attack which was launched with undoubted vim. She had found her range at the end of those two games, and thereafter she proceeded with increasing equanimity to win the next twelve. Last year she was not in good physical trim, and she knew it. This year she was, and again she knew it. To anyone who has watched her as closely as I have, both in this country and in France, the difference must have been apparent. She was absolutely sure of herself, and you could detect it in many light-hearted little gestures. When she is feeling quite happy and confident, as she was last Thursday, there is not a woman in the world who can touch her. I am prepared to admit that Miss Ryan (for her) played badly. But she did so only because she felt herself compelled to produce something better (just think of it!) than her normal game. She tried her hardest, but the only result was that she overdrove as often as not by about six inches, while Suzanne, with her deadly accuracy of aim, was blissfully engaged in making shots which went so near to the lines as to make the chalk fly. I have seen the ball hit harder by former lady-champions—Miss May Sutton, for instance—but I have never seen it steered to its appointed place with more unerring accuracy.



SUNSHINE AND SHADE *L.N.A.*

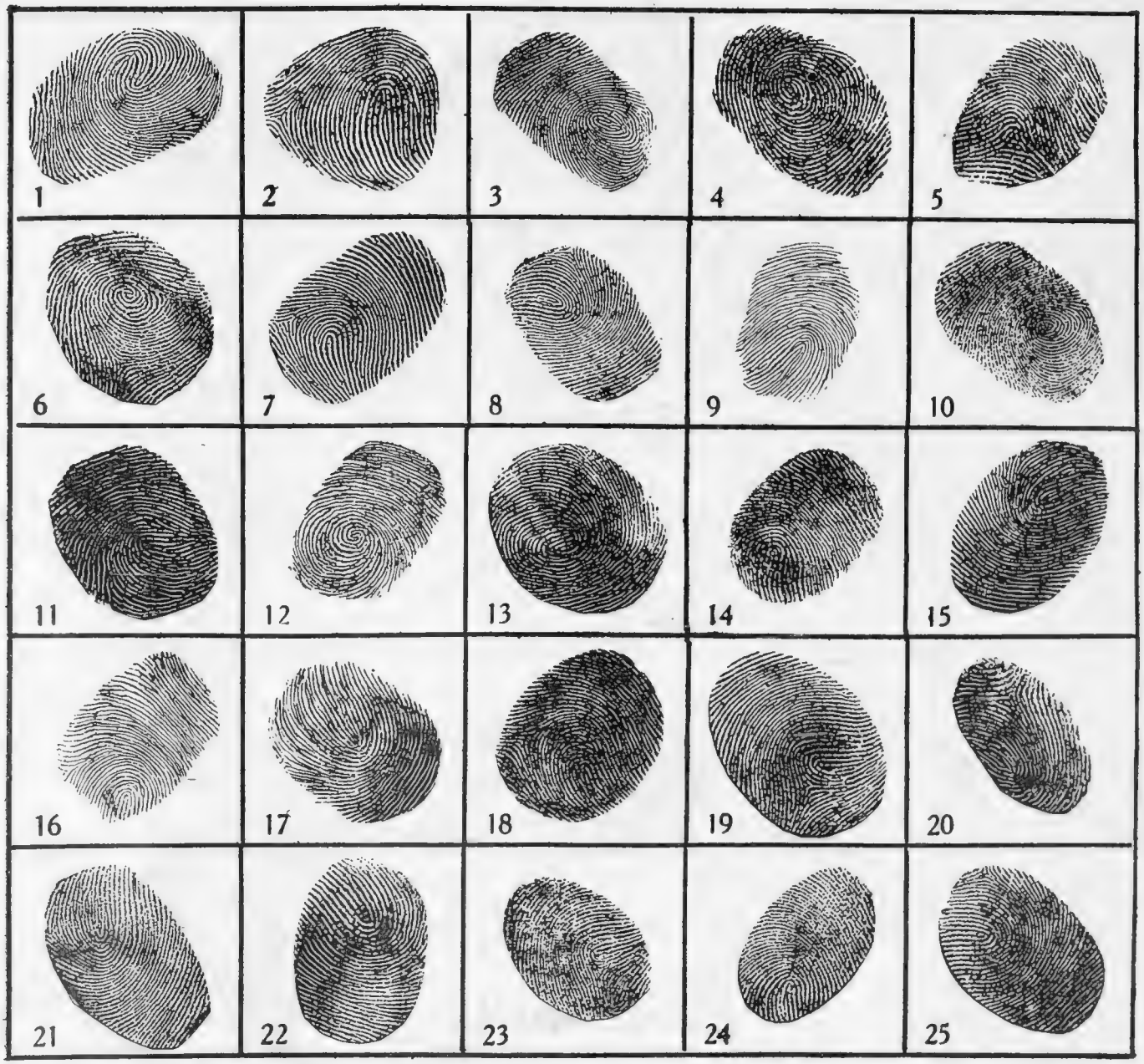
Mme. Billout, wearing a large size in eyeshades, in action against Mrs. Lycett, whom she beat in the Ladies' Singles. She won 4—6, 6—3, 11—9

Sifting 'Em Out of the Centre Court

BY the time this number is in our readers' hands, there will not be many fighters left in at the Battle of the Centre Courts at Wimbledon. Meanwhile, we have a little confession to make to you. *We don't know who will be winners at Wimbledon.* But we *do* know who some of the losers are. Strange, but true! Here, then, are some of the gallant losers who have already been sifted out in this year's fight for Championship honours. As you will note, they go down gamely, still battling bravely, with a gallant flourish of rackets as they pass through the mesh.

THE OUTER CIRCLE, reading from left to right: Miss Ryan (beaten by Mlle. Lenglen), Miss Eileen Bennett (beaten by Miss C. Tyrrell), Miss E. H. Harvey (beaten by Miss E. L. Colyer), M. Wallenberg (beaten by J. Washer), Baron de Banfield (beaten by V. Burr), E. Higgs (beaten by R. Lacoste), S. M. Hadi (beaten by J. B. Gilbert). IN THE CENTRE: J. C. Gregory (beaten by H. Cochet), F. R. L. Crawford (beaten by G. R. O. Crole-Rees). BELOW: R. Lycett (beaten by R. Lacoste) and P. D. B. Spence (beaten by J. O. Anderson)

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 2

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before June 22. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, July 6. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of July 15) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above, should reach us by first post on Wednesday, July 8, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 2."

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified. The Editor's decision is final.

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 4

July 1, 1925

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

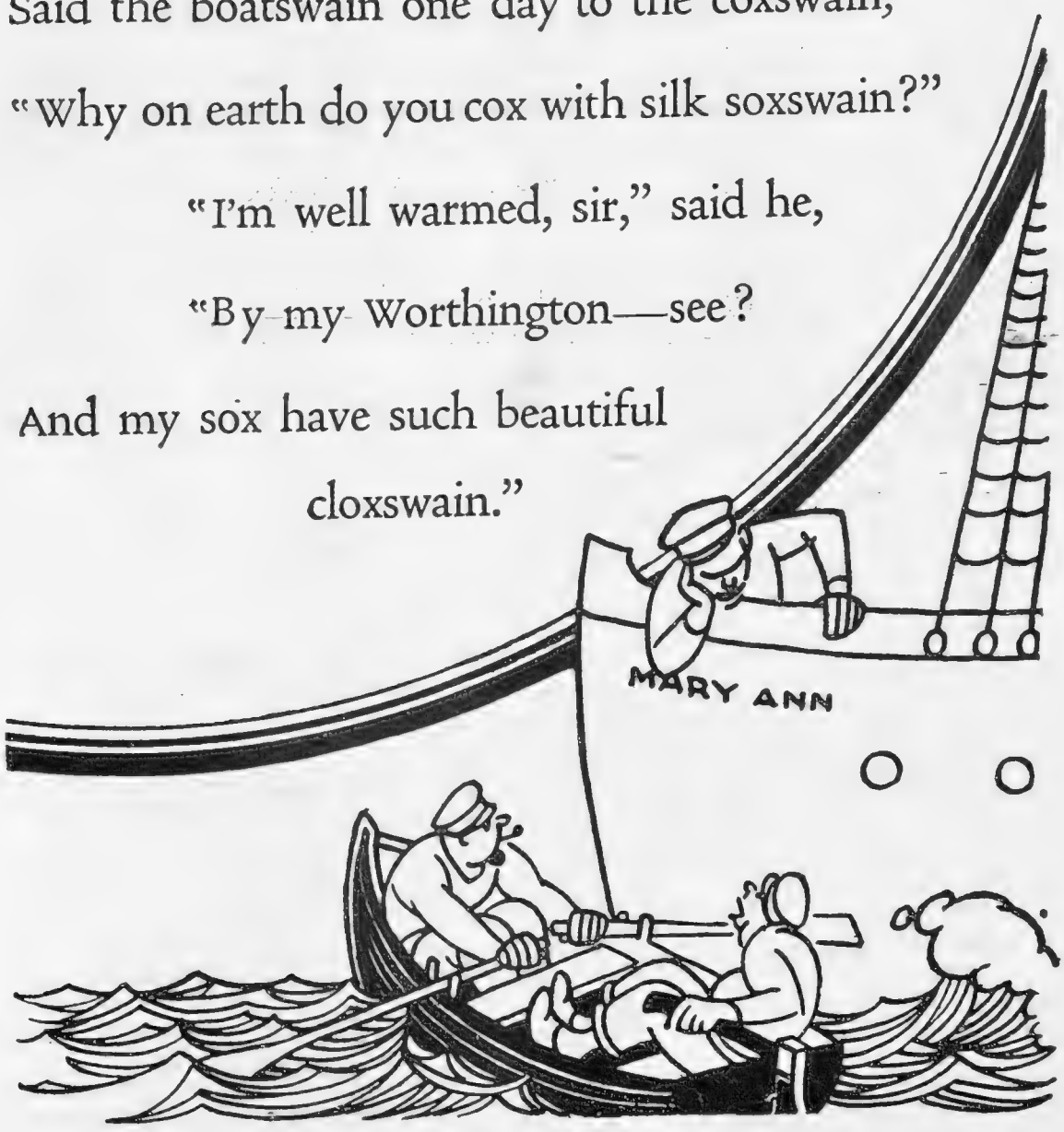
This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, July 6

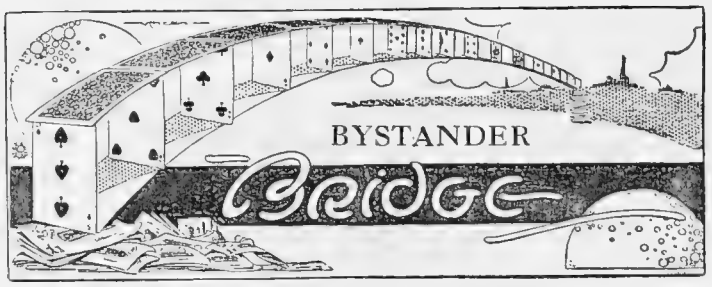
Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

Worthington Limericks

No. 9. An example of crazy rhyming to which Limerick writers are much addicted—(e.g. The young man of Boulogne who for Worthington sadly did mogne).

Said the boatswain one day to the coxswain,
"Why on earth do you cox with silk soxswain?"
"I'm well warmed, sir," said he,
"By my Worthington—see?
And my sox have such beautiful
cloxswain."





By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ABSENT-MINDED BRIDGERS

HAVE you heard the pathetic story of the lady Bridge player? She had had a long run of bad luck, but at last one afternoon she had a substantial win at the Club. Tucking a number of crisp fivers into her hand-bag she thought she would get away with it and go home to dinner. Crossing Hyde Park she encountered an athlete in shorts running at a brisk pace. He snatched her hand-bag, and before she could recover from the shock was fifty yards away. Her cries of dismay were supposed by onlookers to be plaudits of his athletic prowess!

. . . . .

Absent-minded Bridge players are no rarity. The most extraordinary things happen at the card table, things which are not even contemplated by the laws and for which there can be no legislation. I know a case where a whole rubber was played with a pack four cards short. As the deal came right no one noticed the irregularity until the rubber was over. Not a single player troubled to count his cards. But how the shortage could escape attention in even a single hand is wonderful. Another authentic incident is of an absent-minded player who dealt five times in succession. The others were so busy discussing the hands that his lapse was not noticed. Occasions are quite numerous where players pick up cards from the pack not in use or where they play two cards to a trick or gather and turn a trick which does not belong to them.

. . . . . .

From a reader in Barcelona comes a singular case of absent-mindedness. "The cards were not properly dealt out, the hands not being in front of the respective players, with the result that A picked up Y's hand. Owing to Y being busy with the score, the mistake was not noticed until A had looked at the cards, which he had picked up. Z, the dealer, then demanded that Y's proper cards (although A had seen them) should be handed to Y, and that the game should proceed as usual. There would seem to be no objection to that course being taken, as Z and Y only were under a disadvantage through one of their hands having been seen by one of their opponents. During the discussion between Z and A, however, Y suddenly said, 'Oh, all right, I'll have those cards instead,' and picked up A's proper hand which nobody had yet seen, and looked at it. A then refused to play the hand on the ground that Y had seen his cards, and the hand was eventually abandoned, and a fresh deal made. Was A justified in his refusal to play the hand? Z insisted that even after Y had looked at A's cards, the two hands should still be exchanged and the hand played as usual. There would seem to be nothing in the rules to cover such a contingency, unless the rules about exposed cards can be brought to bear, which does not seem feasible as there were no exposed cards within the meaning of the act."

. . . . . .

I had no doubt in my own mind that Z was wrong in insisting that the cards should be exchanged, and the hand played as usual. The whole proceeding was irregular. But to make assurance doubly sure I submitted the case to the Card Committee of the Portland Club which ruled that there should be a fresh deal.

. . . . . .

The most common absent-minded cases are leading out of turn and leading out of the wrong hand. I think the Declarer who persistently leads from Dummy when the lead is in his own hand is distinctly irritating. It is a strange thing that as a rule the slower the player and the more he appears wrapped in thought, the more liable he seems to lapses of this kind.

I remember playing with a very slow performer who wrongly led a card from his Dummy. When corrected he paused for nearly a minute, and then proceeded to lead another card from Dummy. A further pause and he did the same thing again. In the scoring of honours there is often an extraordinary display of absence of mind. To remember how many honours one possesses is not a feat that imposes much tax upon the memory, yet disputes on the matter are frequent. The holding of the ten is most often doubted. "Who is the liar with the ten?" used to be a slogan in one Club where a member is reputed to have made an income by always claiming the ten. I have known players who forgot the holding of a hundred aces or five honours in a suit.

. . . . . .

Absent-mindedness is, I am inclined to believe, catching. If you get a couple of absent-minded players at a table the other two get infected. How else explain the fact that no one knows whose deal it is or which cards belong to which side. More than once I have seen a hand played out by the one who was not the original Declarer, and who ought to have been Dummy. A case of this kind was submitted to the Portland Club where, after two tricks had been played, the error was discovered and the opponents claimed a fresh deal. The Portland Club decided that the deal must stand, and that the man who ought to have been Dummy must continue to play the two hands.

Travellers tell us that some savages cannot count beyond ten. I am inclined to believe that many Bridge players are similarly afflicted, for how often it happens that even good players excuse a mistake by saying they thought there was another trump in or they had miscounted a suit.

. . . . . .

Cavendish relates an anecdote of a rubber of Whist at the Portland. Five tricks had been played of which H———— had won two, consequently eight cards remained in his hand. He put his hand of cards on the table to take a pinch of snuff, and by mistake, took up the two tricks before him instead of his own cards. They happened to be two tricks in trumps containing all the honours, and necessarily won the game, and no one observed what had happened until it was pointed out by a bystander.

This sounds very like a canard, but an old member of the Club assured Cavendish it was true.

A KNOWING ONE! By H. CUTNER

Mrs. Macpherson *(to visiting minister)*: "Will I gie' ye a cup o' tea?"
Minister: "No tea!"
Mrs. Macpherson: "A cup o' cocca, then?"
Ministey: "No cocoa!"
Mrs. Macpherson: "A cup o' coffee, mebbee?"
Minister: "No coffee!"
Mr. Macpherson: "Hoo aboot a wee drappie whusky an' watter?"
Minister: "No watter!"

Staircase, Burleigh House, Northamptonshire.

A "Farmer's" House

LORD TREASURER BURLEIGH was a modest man. To a friend he wrote, "My house at Burleigh is my mother's inheritance, who liveth and is the owner thereof, I but a farmer, and for the building I have set my house on the old foundations, indeed I have only made the rough stone walls square, and one side remaineth as my father left it me."

Surely no farmer ever raised such a wonderful monument to himself or described his work with such diffidence as did William Cecil when he rebuilt ancient Burghe minster. His magnificent mansion, an immense freestone pile built in the ancient fashion round a courtyard, and one of the noblest buildings in the land, epitomises the new progressive spirit of Elizabethan times, so ably fostered by this great statesman. In the design of Burleigh House the finest features of Tudor Gothic architecture are united with the beautiful lines of the Italian classic style which came into vogue during the late 16th century. The Lord Treasurer spared no expense to embellish his house with the finest work of the crafts, and further enriched it with the choicest specimens of the arts. Two ceilings at Burleigh are particularly noteworthy. An anteroom called Hell, where the punishments of Purgatory are depicted, opens to a large room, Heaven, where the whole heathen Mythology is pictured, all in the most brilliant colourings.

King James halted at Burleigh on his way from Scotland to the English throne, and from the same land a few years later came that celebrated product of Scotland, John Haig Scotch Whisky, the fame of which was to spread the whole world over by reason of the consistent fine quality and faultless maturity which has ever characterised John Haig during its three hundred years' history.

Oak Settle. Jacobean Period.
The direct descendant of the lordly seat on the raised dais of Saxon and Norman times. This developed into the delightful seat by the great open fireplace and gradually became lighter in make. Such seats were often used as chests.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken John Haig?

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MIDSUMMER MORALS

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *June* 29

DEAR COUSIN—

So this is Midsummer! And oh London, London, what crimes are committed in thy name! Was supping, for instance, in the country only the other night about 10.30—round about the time, that's to say, when the second act of the new play's over and the third pushing on well towards its close. There they were sitting, the poor people, in their

"Italy's the only place"

stuffy stalls—or dress circle, or higher up as the case might be. Anyway, being thoroughly towny and frowsty, and all that sort of thing. While we . . . .

卐

STILL almost daylight it was, all around us, though the candles had been lit on the tables in the garden, and in their pink shades (pink still remains *toujours* the most becoming) made hardly a flicker, even in the faint evening breeze. Ice clinked in tall glass jugs full of some sort of delectable cup—it didn't matter in the least what it was made of seeing that the fairies was present at the drinking thereof. Otherwise and apart from which comforting noise, deep silence hung over the land, and the sky even had faded to a restful peace after a sunset in which all the richest colours you've ever dreamt of fought for mastery.

卐

SOMEONE talked of food and what we'd like to have. But what did that matter either? What *could* it matter, when anything and everything tasted like nectar and ambrosia (which, am given to understand, was the original food of the gods—in the old days, of course, when they were plural)? We ate, we drank and we were—well, no, not merry, because that's rather a Londonish sensation, isn't it, but just (how shall I say it?) pleasantly thoughtful.

卐

Dis-donc, or in other words, hark and listen. . . . Perhaps that is rather the effect of more or less rural surroundings—to make you get a bit simpler, I mean, and sort of closer to the heart of things, and so on. To cause one to forget just for a little while this eternal (and most amusing) game of money-making, or getting ever upwards and upwards in Society, or whatever it may be, and just see things for a moment (more than that would be boring, *n'est-ce-pas?*) against a plain background of trees and grass, meadows and woods, and the great big limitless sky above and beyond.

卐

AND how odd sometimes, with that background, they do seem to look! Was with new-rich host and hostess, *par exemple*, this particular time I'm telling you about. And oh, how terribly and shatteringly crude, somehow, sounded their bromide remarks and observations concerning the matters of the moment.

"When they talked about their early struggles"

And yet, when they forgot their newly-acquired manners and talked really and frankly all about themselves and their early struggles, positively the whole place seemed to be in tune with them, and the coppery-red setting sun to be giving 'em its benediction.

卐

IF there should happen to occur in the course of this year any further manifestation of our so-called summer, am absolutely determined, whatever happens, to visit yet once more those well-known purlieus of Rome, Venice, Florence, Naples, Taormina, and whatnot. Because, as dear Dr. Burge once said to me—and though a Bishop believe me he was also likewise quite nicely and humanly a man—"Italy's the *only* place where you can be *really* happy."

"Shingling is going to give us sunstroke"

卐

IN Italy, for one thing, if you love or hate anyone or anything you don't let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on your damask cheek (Shakespeare), and all that sort of thing. Far from it. You say it right out straightaway—say it with gestures, in fact, and quite possibly even a bit of elegant embroidery. Also, the sun has a quite persistent way of shining there most of the time—though can't complain very bitterly, I suppose, this year about our allowance of *that*.

卐

BUT we're here in England now, and,

(Continued on page 48)

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G.P.O. Box 163.

after all (said she, patriotically), think also of what we are spared. *E.g.*, and *par exemple*, those mosquitoes which the scientists say are so fearfully dangerous because they carry all sorts of horrid diseases around, but their own little private bite's quite bad enough, thank you very much, without any manner of *arrière-pensée*. Though seeing that the aforesaid scientists and people are predicting a mosquito plague for us, too, this summer (unless, apparently, we empty all the petrol cans into our pools instead of our cars), not sure we can make much of a song about *that* particular item. And now they also say shingling's going to give us sunstroke all round . . . but, perhaps, at least for the rest of *our* summer we shall be safe from that.

HENLEY this week, anyway—and who within living memory, I ask you, has ever known that charm fail? Oldest inhabitants of all the villages dotted along the Thames from Greenwich to Bablockhythe being quite unable to quote you, however hard pressed to it, one single eccentric and exceptional year when Henley passed by without a spot of rain. Which, perhaps, partly accounts for the slight decadence, these days, of our ancient aquatic festival—only one little solitary houseboat on the river last year, for instance, though Phyllis Court, of course, more or less thronged *comme habitude* with a more or less gay and fashionable crowd.

"Those mosquitoes which the scientists say are so fearfully dangerous"

BUT the car's killed the river, really, and that's the honest-to-goodness truth, just as it's done down one or two other of our simple joys. Must say I rather hate cars myself, or, anyway, some of the people that drive them. As Mr. Harold Cox remarked in the *Sunday Times* the other day, undoubtedly a good many motorists, both male and female, are gentlemen—but a good many are not. . . . And the ill-mannered motorist—well, as they say in Mr. Seymour Hicks's new play, *The Guardsman*, at the St. James's—I think he's a *thing*. Nice to welcome Seymour back, by the way, and Madge Titheradge is always a joy, but how *young* they must think us, to believe that a woman wouldn't recognise her husband if he tried to be her lover in a fair wig and moustache!

THEATRES active as ever, but a rather depressing lot of empty seats sometimes, these Midsummer days—not however at the Apollo Midnight Mat. round about Midsummer Night, where winsome Lily Elsie, Ellaline Terriss and others must have seriously impeded the tumbling act of the Middlesex Hospital.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BY APPOINTMENT

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BOOKBINDING may be said to have originated in the encased clay tablets of 300 years B.C., or in the Eastern custom of 'binding' inscribed palm leaves with silken thread. In its present form, however, the craft doubtless arose from the idea, early conceived in China, Japan and Korea, of folding rolls in page-form.

Roman Diptychs are among the earliest decorative bindings. A copy of the Gospels, elaborately bound and presented by Pope Gregory the Great to the Queen of the Lombards in the 7th century, is one of the oldest remaining specimens.

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FEMINA

PUNCTUALITY

By "CANDIDA"

WHEN the virtues, male and female, were handed out at the beginning of things the menfolk helped themselves to the showy kind. I don't blame them. They took the plums for their own; courage for instance, and wisdom, heroism and patriotism, all the fine froth that makes people write glowing notices in the papers and erect statues in the parks. To us they left the humbler stuff, the duller things, the thankless virtues of self-sacrifice and unselfishness, of faithfulness and others that sound too Early-Victorian to be mentioned. They—the men I mean—were no more generous with the lesser gifts. Adam, it seems, was born that way. Punctuality is one of the virtues he's deprived us of because he took so large a share of it himself that nothing was left for the rest of us. Do you blame him? To be punctual is to be the superior person at the expense of the poor creature for whom time doesn't count—as time anyway. It may be irritating to be kept waiting, but it has its compensations. For one thing, it gives one time to think, and for another, it makes one thank Heaven that one is not as other men—I mean women—are.

WHAT'S gone wrong of late with the world, or rather with the feminine virtues of it? The women, I notice, aren't half the women they were. No one, not even the elderly spinsters and people, are keen on shouldering the burden of unselfishness, and the pretty women have almost all grown punctual to the minute. I used to think that fate was hard on Queens. They live in a land where there are no excuses; no convenient "headaches," no "slight colds" to prevent them from keeping an uncongenial engagement, of which they must have many. No possibility of not being on time always; one might as well be a machine—or a man. And now I notice that these exalted ladies are not the only martyrs to time.

HOW to be punctual isn't taught in schools. One's born that way, or has it thrust upon one by an impossible husband. He does his best, even if he's not always successful, which reminds me of a play I saw in Paris where I've just spent a grilling fortnight. The heat, or brainfag, or whatever it was, prevented me from going to the Comédie Française, or the Athénée, or to any of the places where they still serve you up sometimes the stuff that makes you think. So I fell to revue where, after all, I didn't escape the thinking because, oddly enough, it was a revue with a moral. Three couples start to go to the theatre, or rather they would start if Madame wasn't still at her dressing. The old Marquis of the Faubourg, the young stockbroker and the working man express opinions—the same opinions, I needn't add, but very differently voiced. Human nature is human nature, and who could help being annoyed with Madame still at her interminable dressing? Finally, they're all late in getting there, but Madame is not to blame. It's Monsieur's fault. At the last moment he of the Faubourg is busy with his moustache, and the stockbroker dawdles over the evening paper, and the working-man has mislaid his pipe. Amusing, isn't it, how true to life those Frenchmen are?

PUNCTUALITY, as I've said before, is the last thing in feminine virtues, but *entre nous* it's not as virtuous as it appears. We've not achieved it with blood and tears, and all the rest of the unpleasant things that accompany repentance. It's not been thrust upon us by the unspaciousness of days which are never long enough for all one's engagements. The new punctuality is the inevitable result of the new frocks and things. How can dressing take an age with a frock that has no waist and no fastenings, and a head that never has a hair out of place, chiefly because there's so little hair to be in place or out? Imagine a panel back and front, something very delightful in georgette and beads, and a couple of shoulder-straps in *diamanté*. Imagine a sleek head of hair in which not a wave has been left to chance, and what possible excuse can there be for missing the first act of any play, however bad—even after allowing ample time for powder, etc., and for admiring the result!

CHI-NESE BEND

Mmes. Soumarokova and Coxon and Nicolas Kremneff as the Porcelain Princesses and Mandarin in "Aurora's Wedding." This is one of the new items presented by the Russian Ballet on their return to the Coliseum

THE SUMMER TOUCH

Miss Dorothy Dickson, the well-known musical comedy star, with an armful of "flowers all fresh and a-bloomin'" which she had just bought. The photograph was taken in Paris, where she has been spending a holiday

AND yet, believe me, there are people who sneer at the clothes that we wear only because they haven't reasoned things out. Time is the most precious gift of Heaven. Some pedantic person I once met proved to me that whoever robs you of your time really steals your money. He, it's mostly she, wouldn't dream of doing the one, so he said, but he, I mean she, doesn't hesitate about the other, and does it too without thinking twice about it. He wouldn't listen to my suggestion that it all depended on whose time it was that was wasted.

THEREFORE, I say, long live the heroic simplicity of the panel, the chemise and the tube! Thanks to them we are now more "honest" than we were. And how delightful to go through life without beginning every sentence with an apology! And how easy it is to take in the scheme of things at a glance! Because there isn't so much to see? No, not precisely. Even a panel, a chemise, or a tube may be a "creation" of thirty guineas, or a reach-me-down at thirty-one and sixpence. It's wonderful what women can see without looking, where man, poor dear, looks mostly without seeing.

THE "STRAY" DANGER

A ROYAL FANCIER. By "THE KENNELMAN"

ADMIRERS of the popular Pekingese should make for the Barracks at Knightsbridge to-day (Wednesday) for the annual show of the Pekingese Reform Association. The "Picnic" Show at Richmond next Tuesday should prove an enjoyable doggy garden party, well worth visiting. Almost every day this month will bring Dog Shows in some part of the country.

The National Canine Defence League deserves support in its present effort to prevent the avoidable spread of infectious Dog diseases, which, as the League correctly asserts, are only too often communicated to healthy and carefully-kept Dogs by others that are not cared for, but allowed, in effect, to live in the streets. Resultant trouble is often aggravated by owners failing to note *first* symptoms, and to give sufficiently *early* treatment. But the mischief wrought by the "stray" or street-living Dog is very serious, and should be checked authoritatively. Owners ought not to be allowed to inflict this dangerous nuisance upon the public and the canine community.

Captain Jocelyn Lucas, author of *The Sealyham Terrier*, has compiled an interesting book entitled *Pedigree Dog-Breeding*, which is published in remarkably attractive (and cheap) form, by Messrs. Simpkin Marshall, at 6*s*. Its 200 large pages include sixty-four chapters and 157 illustrations, with contributions from the pens of many such authorities as the Duchess of Newcastle, the Marchioness of Cambridge, the Marquis of Graham, Mrs. Quintin Dick, Mrs. Edmunds, of Ledburn, Mrs. Ashton Cross, the Editor of *The Dog World*, and Baroness Murten. The volume is exceptionally comprehensive, and where so wide a field is tackled it seems ungracious to criticise inevitably loose generalisations, such as that: "Large breeds are out of place in a town," and "Terriers do well anywhere," unsound though they may be, and likely to be misleading to the novice who accepts them literally.

Here are one or two extracts from interesting letters from readers of these Notes:

Practical students of Dogs will endorse Kennelman's gentle dig at the unpractical absurdity of the printed *obiter dicta* of some doggy organisations. Yet what a lot of useful work such leagues *could* accomplish, as for example in securing enforcement of strict regulations to remove the dangerous pest of the street-fouling, disease-carrying stray dog; and, too, preventing such forms of cruelty as Dogs being kept continuously on the chain, or even worse—confined in wickedly small hutches, close to unshaded shop windows, in broiling hot weather—an infamous form of torture.

The reference to Queen Alexandra's helpful lead to lady breeders as far back as half a century ago is most inspiring. My investigations show that in all the ninety-two varieties of Dogs, the largest and smallest alike, we have enthusiastic women breeders who have loyally and successfully served their respective "fancies" for two and three decades without a break.

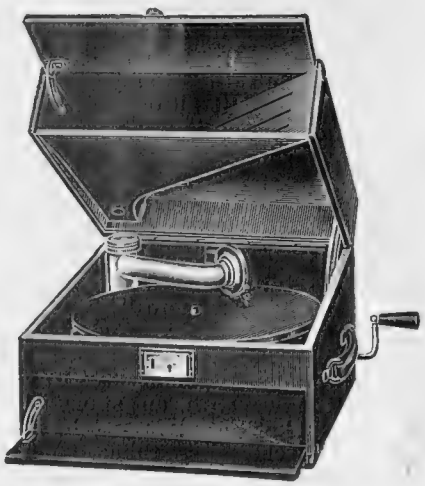
Daily papers throw interesting sidelights on the remarkable recent growth of dogdom, including (in the most famous of them) advertisements of Kennels in which Spaniels, Retrievers, and Terriers, for instance, are urgently wanted for sale on commission—buyers waiting!

Official registrations of Cocker Spaniels have multiplied themselves more than ten times since the War. Your readers may like to learn that the boom is not confined to this country, Cockers having been most prominent at this year's Shows in France, Germany, Italy, Holland, America, and all over the British Empire.

Many people dislike Gramophones, even the most expensive; others tolerate them and pretend to ignore their obvious defects, such as distortion and needle scratch.

The invention of the

"Bestone" "Stereophone"



with its acoustically perfect double amplifiers, made of thoroughly seasoned wood, gives the purity of tone of the original production you have longed for, without the possibility of distortion, and the closed lid eliminates needle scratch. The principle of the "Stereophone" is simple, but the difference is amazing. It gives a sense of utter satisfaction to the most critical ear for music.

The "Porto-Grand" model

at £8 8 0

plays 10 and 12-inch records and is the handiest of all portables for ANYWHERE AND EVERYWHERE, and will give unalloyed pleasure under all conditions.

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COMMENCES
ON MONDAY NEXT, JULY 6
For Twelve Days Only

MODEL FUR COATS in ...nal Iceland seal, Persian ... and fitch, sable dyed ...rrel, etc., of which sketch ...ed from selected seal ...quash skins, and trimmed ... Indian marten, is an ...ple. Original Prices, 125 ...9 Gns.

SALE PRICE **98 Gns.**

SPORTS FROCK in good quality striped silk; with cuffs, pockets and hem of skirt in material the reverse way. In a variety of designs and a good range of colours. Stock and small sizes.

SALE PRICE **73/6**

Large sizes 10/6 extra.

20 SMART EVENING WRAPS in various designs and made from rich quality materials, of which sketch with deep yoke of novelty Paisley material, and collar and flounce of chiffon velvet to tone, is an example. Original Prices, 10½ to 15½ Gns.

SALE PRICE **6½ Gns.**

THE DANSANT FROCKS in rich quality printed chiffons, various styles and colours, of which sketch with handkerchief skirt, finished gaugings on shoulder, is an example.

SALE PRICE **7½ Gns.**

USEFUL KNITTED COATS AND SKIRTS in woollen yarn. In good shades of which sketch, showing woollen suit cut on well-tailored lines with contrasting border, is an example. Original Prices, 73/6 to 94/6

SALE PRICE **42/-**

Post Orders cannot be executed.

PLEATED SPORTS SKIRT in rich quality heavy weight crepe de Chine. In White and a large range of artistic colours.

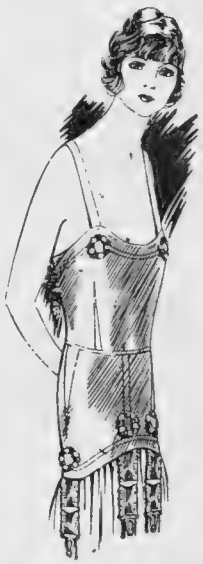
SALE PRICE **45/-**

BLOUSE JUMPER (as sketch) in good quality fancy marocain, in various designs and colourings, which sketch, cut on becoming lines, is an example.

SALE PRICE **39/6**

NURSERY OR GARDEN FROCK (as sketch), in good quality washing material, with plain ground with coloured line. In Blue/White, Green/Gold, Orange/White, Grey/Flame. In sizes 18 to 24 ins.

SALE PRICE **15/9**



"CORSLO" HIP BELT and BUST BODICE COMBINED in cotton tricot, buttoned at back, two bones in front, two pairs of suspenders. Measurements: hips, bust and waist. In Pink and White.

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In crepe de Chine **59/6**

PRINCESS PETTICOAT made in super quality satin which is lightproof, cut on straight lines with round neck. In Ivory only.

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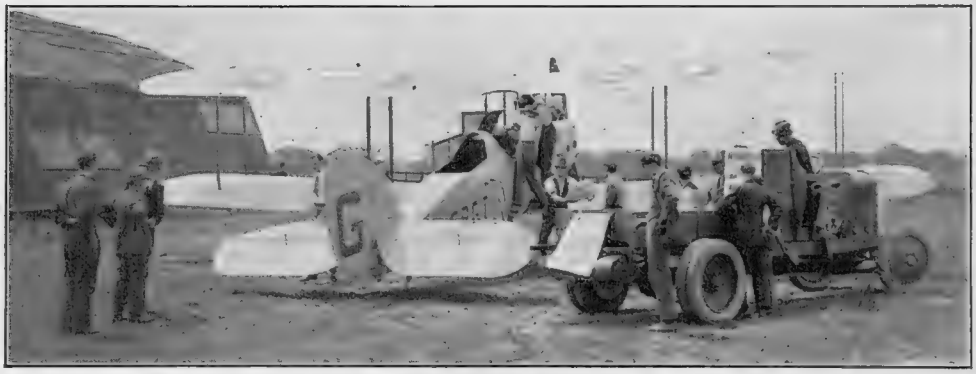
MOTOR NOTES



A RISE IN CIRCULATION

Loading up an aeroplane with copies of "The Motor Cycle" containing reports of the Junior Tourist Trophy race. They were flown to the Isle of Man for distribution

Two most important motor trials are taking place this month in the North of England. They are being organised by the Lancashire and Manchester Automobile Clubs in co-operation with the car and motor-cycle clubs in the neighbourhood. The first trial is for motor cycles, etc., and will take place on July 4 and 5. The second is for four-wheeled cars, and this will be run on July 10 and 11. Most interesting courses have been planned, taking in the best scenery in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Westmorland, and the competitors will not traverse any road which is not to be found on an ordinary map. Valuable prizes are offered for these reliability trials, the sum of £1,000 being offered by the *Daily Dispatch*.

* * *

The Overland six-cylinder four-door saloon *de luxe*, which has just been introduced to the British market, should attain the same high standard of popularity as the other Overland models. When it is borne in mind that the price of the complete car is £395, it will be seen that excellent value for money is offered. The car is most attractive in appearance, and, I understand, is exceptionally smooth in its running. It has a six-cylinder engine liable to a £22 tax, and I understand that with this engine it will run from 2 to 55 m.p.h. on top gear. The fitting of four doors is a most attractive feature, as none of the occupants has to be disturbed, either at the front or rear. All the windows are adjustable, those on the four doors being fitted with quick-action winders. The large rear light has a roller blind, while a roof light is also fitted. I am looking forward to a practical test of this new arrival in the motoring family.

* * *

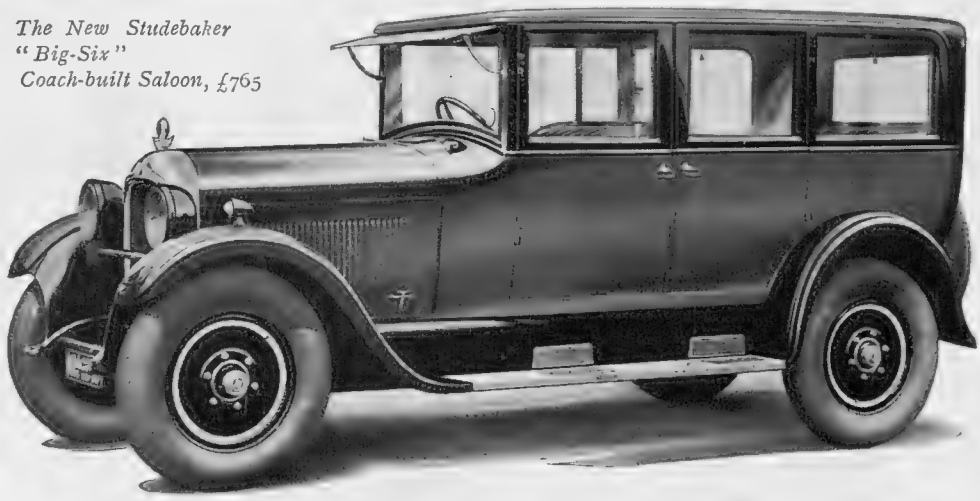
At a meeting of the Council of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., held last month, Sir William Letts, K.B.E., was elected President of the Society for the current year. Sir William is one of the busiest men in the motor trade. In addition to controlling Crossley Motors, Ltd., he is managing director of Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., and A. V. Roe and Co., Ltd. His first connection with the motor industry took place some twenty-eight years ago. He was one of the founders of the Automobile Association in 1905, one of the original signatories to the S.M.M.T., and the first chairman of the agents' section. He has also been High Sheriff of Carnarvonshire and President of the Council of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund. With all this intense activity in the world of motors Sir William is still comparatively young, having attained his half-century in 1923.

* * *

A special word must be said about my Bean four-wheel brakes. Once the initial adjustments were correctly made,

(Continued on page 50)

The New Studebaker "Big-Six" Coach-built Saloon, £765



There would be very few accidents if all motorists drove the Studebaker.

The wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic four-wheel braking system gives such complete control of the car that it engenders a feeling of confidence in the most nervous drivers. Even on the greasiest roads this brake can be used without fear of skidding, and its operation is so simple that the internal expanding front wheel brakes never require adjusting.

Other Studebaker refinements which make the car such exceptional value include a scientifically balanced six-cylinder engine, incomparably sweet and silky in its action, coachwork of refined lines, automatic spark control, velvet clutch action, 5 balloon tyres, steel disc wheels and a very complete equipment of the highest quality.

See the car. Ride in it. Drive it. Prove the remarkable road performance.

See the Studebaker First! It is the most talked-of car of to-day.

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

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"STANDARD-SIX" Touring Saloon -	£395
Coach-built Saloon	£520
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Coach-built Saloon	£640
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Coach-built Saloon	£765

Prices are subject to increase without notice.

The New

STUDEBAKER

WITH HYDRAULIC FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES

Summertime Beauty

On the river, on the tennis courts, everywhere where out-of-doors pleasure is the order of the day, the girl who is universally admired is she of the unflushed, cool complexion who looks as fresh after strenuous effort as though she had just left her toilet table.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

(as pre-war)

is the secret of her charm. She uses it regularly on hands, neck, face and arms, before and after exposure to hot sunlight. So she preserves that delicate peach-like bloom, unmarred by redness and peeling—the admiration and envy of all her friends.

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may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives

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BOXES 1/-

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Horizontally-opposed twin-cylinder engine. Three speeds and reverse, worm axle with differential. Equipped with electric lighting, horn, spare wheel and tyre, all-weather side curtains, etc.
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because it is so simple and so sturdily built. It fears no hill; runs 40-45 miles to the gallon of petrol; is comfortable, roomy and handsome, and will give you faithful service. Write for full particulars.

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ROVER IS BRITISH ALL THROUGH

IMPORTANT NOTICE

As a result of a constantly increasing demand for the Solray treatment for the removal of superfluous hair, Miss Helen Craig has now taken over larger premises at 123, New Bond Street. The Solray treatment is the only one backed by a written guarantee.

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WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT CURE GIVEN

Not Electrolysis *Not a Depilatory*

Free Consultations invited without any obligation.

THE SOLRAY CO., Ltd. (HELEN CRAIG), 123, New Bond Street, W.1
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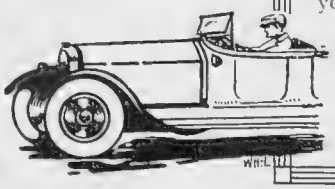
PART EXCHANGES
DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Visit the CAR MART before deciding on any make of car. Nowhere else can you inspect such a variety of models, and you are sure of obtaining a car that you will feel thoroughly at home in and satisfied to own and drive. Equitable part exchanges and deferred terms gladly arranged.



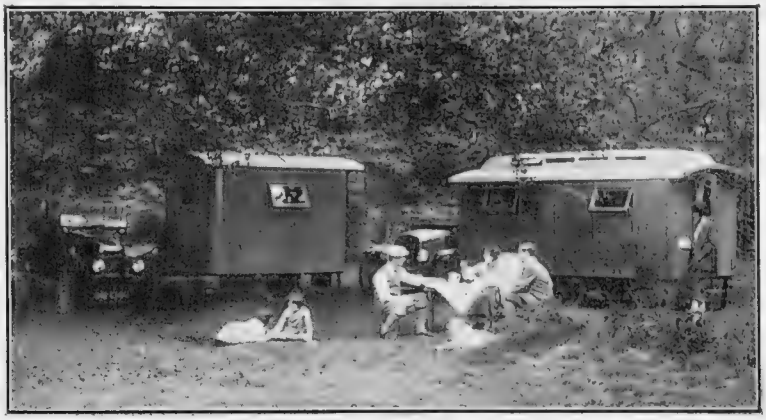
46/50, PARK LANE, W.1 Grosvenor 1620.

297/9, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1 Museum 2000.

the brakes have required no attention, and have given a most magnificent stopping effect. As a matter of fact, when owners have waxed enthusiastic to me about the four-wheel brakes on their cars, I have loaned them the Bean so that they may see for themselves what brakes should really be, and in many cases they have given the car back not quite so satisfied with their own cars as before! Excellent acceleration from a very low speed on top and excellent retardation, particularly for the last few yards, are two of the outstanding features of the running of the 14 h.p. Bean.

* * *

THE caravan habit is steadily spreading. On a recent visit to the North of England I was really surprised to see the number of trailer caravans in use, while I also saw one or two motor caravans. One of the best-known makers of trailer caravans is the Eccles Motor Transport, Limited, who supplies completely furnished trailer caravans from £105. These trailers can be supplied in different sizes suitable for all types of cars. They take very little power to tow, and are absolutely safe if the driver always bears in mind that he has a trailer. Arrived at the camping spot the trailer is detached and propped in position, while ample accommodation is provided.



THE CARAVAN CAMP

A pleasant scene of a summer camp and the means of arriving for it—two motor caravans manufactured by the Eccles Motor Transport, Limited, of Birmingham. The smaller caravan is an 8-foot model with a Morris-Cowley, the other, a 15-foot one with a 16-h.p. Sunbeam

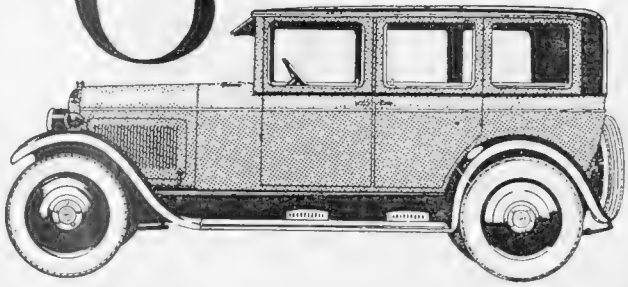
IN these days of petrol pumps the motorist has almost forgotten the difficulty of filling up a tank from two-gallon tins. Even nowadays it is often necessary to use a tin, and I, therefore, wish to draw attention to a most excellent petrol-pourer which I have in use. It will empty a two-gallon tin in 20 seconds, filtering the petrol at the same time. The flow of petrol can be stopped at any time by merely placing the thumb over the air inlet. This air inlet is the secret of the success of this petrol-pourer, which rejoices in the name of "Twentisec." The air inlet consists of a rubber tube with a cork float on the end, which rises to the surface of the petrol in the tin and allows air to enter, while the spirit positively gushes out. With this pourer in use a two-gallon can would take half the time to empty than if no pourer were used at all. The price is only 2*s.* 6*d.*, and full details can be obtained from the Wilcot (Parent) Co., Ltd., who manufacture those excellent Wefco tyre gaiters.

* * *

THE twenty-four-hour road race for touring cars held at Le Mans was a most successful event. It was, unfortunately, marred by one fatal accident, but the speeds attained were very high. The winner of the Tri-Annual Cup was an 1,100 c.c. Chenard-Walcker. The first Bi-Annual Cup was won by a sister car, while the second Bi-Annual Cup was carried off by a big Lorraine-Ditrich. Second in this class was a three-litre sports Sunbeam, driven alternately by Chassagne and S. C. H. Davis. I am very pleased indeed the Sunbeam occupied this position, for Mr. Davis was one of the best-known writers on motor-cars, and has proved conclusively that some motor journalists at least are practical as well as theoretical! The race was run according to a certain formula, in which the size of the engine was taken into account, and certain speeds had to be averaged in proportion to the power of the engine.

GEORGE C. STEAD

Overland



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YOU'VE read about the Overland 6 Cylinder Four-Door Saloon de Luxe—heard it discussed, but how much better to see with your own eyes the blue and grey colour scheme of its shapely body—recline in the restful upholstery—try the car on the road—form first-hand judgment on *the most widely discussed car of the season.* If you live in the provinces a model will be sent to your door. 'Phone or write for an appointment this morning.

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FINISHED BLUE & GREY
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6 CYL. ENGINE
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2/55 ON TOP GEAR

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"The Milestones Know"

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To the owner-driver who has hitherto thought in terms of 20 horse power the Bean Car illustrated will be a revelation. It is in most respects equal to, and in many the superior of, the ordinary vehicle of 20 h. p., yet costs but £395.

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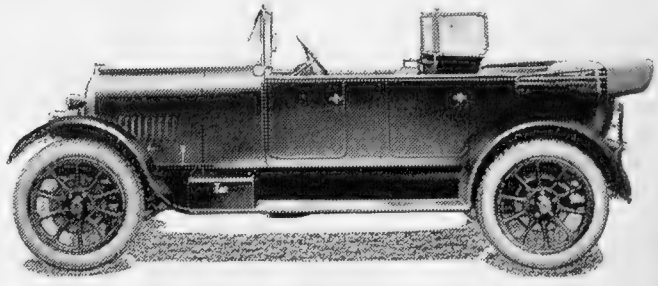

The Prices of Bean Cars range from £298

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REQUIRES NO RINSING POWDER

The "Great" boiler for the "Small" house

The "Domestikatum" stands alone—it is the pioneer of open grate Hot Water Supply boilers, and the *only* one with the *absolutely* open fire. It must not be confused with other "Domestic" boilers now sold, as it is unique in design, and possesses advantages which no other boiler can give.

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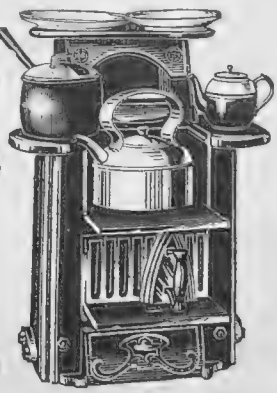

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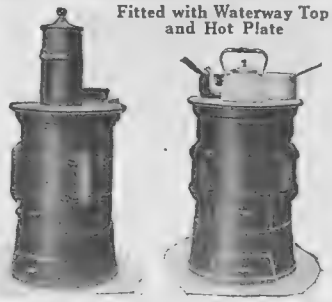
The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in sin. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
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Or same cubical contents.

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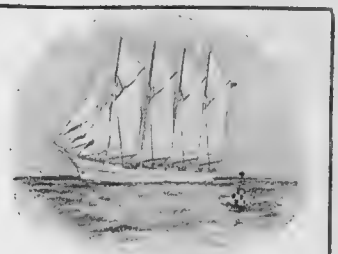

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NINE months' entrancing holiday accompanied by every amenity of civilised life: congenial society, every sport, amusement and recreation; actual cost for over 25,000 miles works out to less than fivepence per mile "all found," and less than one would pay for equivalent hotel accommodation alone. **(Berths from £450)**

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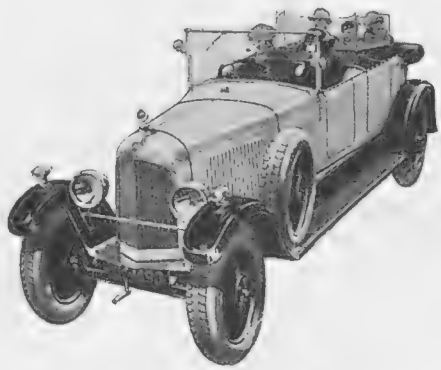

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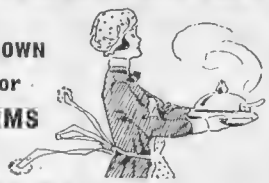

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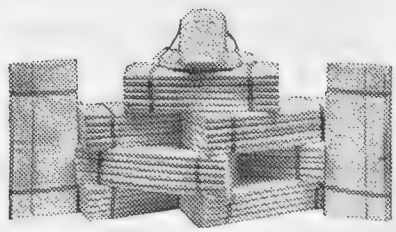

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Attractive style in White Ooze Calf, also in Brown Kid and Patent Leather.

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B.17.—Special value in bleached pure Irish linen double damask table cloths and napkins. Discarded design offered at 25% below our regular prices. Design: Californian Poppy. Only a limited quantity to offer.

2 x 2 yards .. each **21/6**
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LINEN NAPKINS TO MATCH
22 x 22 inches .. 6 for **12/6**

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18 inches wide, per yard, **1/2¼**
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2 x 3 yards (single bed) per pair **46/-**
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20 x 30 inches, **47/6** per dozen
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B.110.—Fine Irish hand embroidered Linen Tray Cloths at half price to clear present stock.

18 x 27 inches .. each **7/9**
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President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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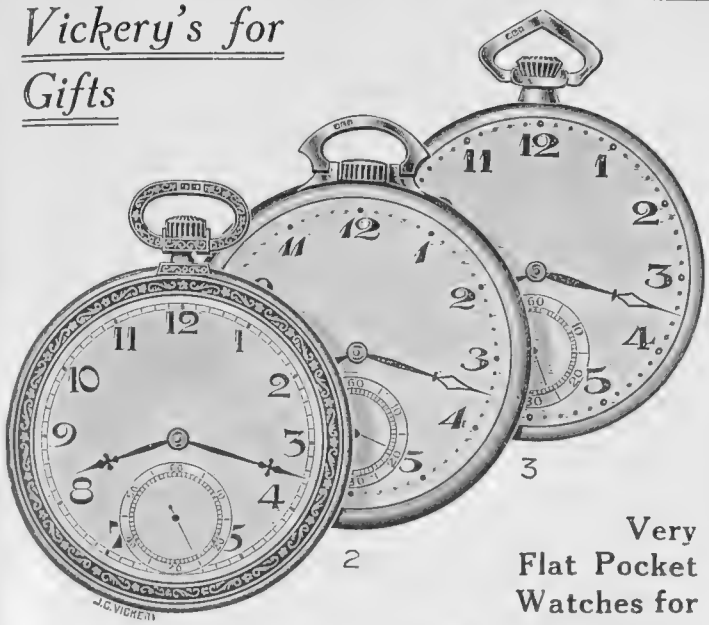

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(2) Solid Gold, very serviceable watch, lever movement only	**7 15 0**
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YOU expect bouquet in old wine. You look for a ripe smoke from the mature leaf. It is on a thoroughbred that your Goodwood hopes are set.

So with a Lincoln Bennett. Be it the finest hat that money can buy, or one made of less expensive material, in the workmanship, style and cut, your fullest expectations will be justified.

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excepting such specialities as the "L.B." Hand-made at 31/6, and the Self-conforming Bowler at 35/-, and the famous "Pull-over" make at 42/-

SOFT FELTS are **21/-, 27/6 & 32/6**
for the most part, but extra fine qualities at 37/6 and 45/- are also in considerable demand.

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"The sunny heat and brilliant light of summer make it necessary to care for your skin each day to keep it fair and soft."

says ELIZABETH ARDEN

Summer seems to emphasize every fault of the skin. If your skin has a tendency to dryness, the heat and glare of summer sunshine will parch the tissues even more. If your skin is relaxed and oily, warm weather increases the relaxation and oiliness. Elizabeth Arden recommends at this season that you care for your skin faithfully to protect it and correct its faults.

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment is based on three fundamental steps which supply every need of the skin. The gentle Cleansing—with *Venetian Cleansing Cream*—is an important protection, a preventative of coarseness and roughness. The Toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic and Special Astringent*—refreshes and whitens the skin, closes the pores, and restores the elasticity of the tissues. The Nourishing—with *Orange Skin Food* or *Velva Cream*—keeps every skin cell full and firm.

Do continue your Elizabeth Arden Treatments faithfully during the summer. Follow the same method in your daily care of the skin at home. Elizabeth Arden will be happy to advise you about the particular requirements of your skin, if you write her.

Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for the care of your skin at home:

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 25/-.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6, 25/-.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. A rich, nourishing cream, the best deep tissue builder, keeps the skin full and firm. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 25/-.

Venetian Special Astringent. For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. 9/6, 17/6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues and flabby muscles. 4/6, 10/-, 16/6.

Venetian Pore Cream. Greaseless astringent cream, closes open pores, corrects their inactivity. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. 4/6.

Poudre d'Illusion. Exquisite powder, fine, pure, flattering. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel, Ocre, White,* and a new becoming shade called *Minerva.* 12/6.

Write for a copy of "The Quest of the Beautiful," Elizabeth Arden's book describing the correct care of your skin according to her famous method.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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the IVOSTRIP

A column of creamy white Pears' Shaving Soap mounted firmly on a black holder-base and ingeniously enclosed in Ivostrip sheathing, to make handling pleasanter and to prevent exposure to dust between shaves—these are the advantages built into Pears' Ivostrip Shaving Stick. It is a fault-proof innovation—the kind that is the result of years of experience and experiment. Pears' Ivostrip Shaving Stick is a little thicker, a little shorter than usual, to give better balance and a larger surface in use.

These sketches show why Ivostrip is cleanest, handiest.

A. & F. PEARS LTD., LONDON

Pears' IVOSTRIP SHAVING STICK

(V 8-25)

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Everything for Bathing

THE story on the Continent may be a different one, but over here there is little to be seen of the frivolous dressy and wholly unpractical style of bathing dress. Enthusiasts have no use for satin and silk confections, really only devised for sitting about in on the beach. I looked in vain for these frivolities at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, and quickly marked down as ideal the suit sketched by our artist, an all-in-one affair—that is to say, with the short knickers attached — made of a light-weight all-wool material. It is obtainable in black, with stripes of spun silk in white, emerald, or gold, also navy and white; and in slender or woman's size, the price is 20*s.*, or outsize 22*s.* 6*d.*

The rubber cap pictured, both practical and pretty, can be had in various colours for 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the bathing shoes of black sateen for 3*s.* 9*d.* Slightly more expensive (5*s.* 6*d.*) are the most fascinating rubber shoes in many colours, with white toe-caps and backs, while a quaint amusing cap is trimmed with the same water-resisting material in various colours.

A SUMMER CREATION

A charming design in flowered chiffon, shaded pink roses on a wisteria mauve background

Original design by Betty Nisbet

Model Gowns at Less Than Half Price

ON and after July 1 for a month, Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, is ruthlessly prepared to clear out all her remaining stock of models.

Buying prodigally, as she always does at the commencement of the season, this *couturière* is equally lavish in her reductions, and has actually marked down a large number of exquisite little gowns and sport suits to 6 guineas. These are of various materials, no two alike, but only those early on the scene will be able to secure one of these bargains, for they are absolutely a record in value.

A PRACTICAL BATHING SUIT

For those who go down to the sea in swimming kit, and *not* to look beautiful on the beach, here is a neat and practical outfit from Messrs. Peter Robinson of Oxford Street

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

Replenishing the Linen Cupboard

ALWAYS eagerly anticipated by those women who take a pride in their homes is Walpoles' sale of damask, linens, bedspreads, blankets, etc. at 89-90, New Bond Street.

Already in progress, this clearance continues during the whole of July, the consistent value of the goods rendering an early or late visit equally profitable.

An unparalleled offer is found in some Irish table damask. This has arisen through the smaller demand for large tablecloths, a fashion however that is liable to change any day. These hand-loom quality goods range in size from 3 by 3 to 3 by 8 yards, respectively priced at 60*s.* and 160*s.*, and Walpoles are quite emphatic that such an offer will never occur again. Attention also may be drawn to a hundred dozen all-linen double damask dinner napkins at the bargain price of 20*s.* the dozen, another lot, 27 by 27, clearing at 37*s.* 6*d.* the dozen.

Wear Ye Chiffons While Ye May

THE demand continues so persistently for flowered chiffons, it is too much to expect that these lovely fragilities will figure among the biggest bargains at the sales. As a matter of fact, it is difficult, even now, to get a great pick in designs; but the majority are so pretty when made up it is not necessary to be too fastidious. The colouring is really of more matter than the design. And if there is any to be acquired with a wisteria mauve ground, figured over with posies of small shaded pink roses, have it fashioned as shown in the adjoined sketch. Everything about this model is just a little different and newer than the long slim flounced frocks that are being so much seen. Thus the bodice, with its long bib effect and *jabot* at the sides and the approved slightly raised waist defined by a narrow threaded mauve velvet ribbon. With this dress there is worn a shady hat of black crin, underlined mauve chiffon, a rose spray and foliage *appliqué* across the front of the crown, the parasol of pink frilled chiffon or muslin having a handle of stained black wood resembling ebony.

Frocks and Furnishing Fabrics

NEVER miss a Harvey Nichols' sale is a sound piece of advice, for bargains abound on all sides, from model frocks to furnishing fabrics via piece materials in silk, wool, and cotton, hats, lingerie, trimmings, ribbons, flowers, etc. Just right for the holidays are some charming tub-frocks that are being sold at really absurd reductions. Only 69*s.* 6*d.*, for example, is asked for

a heavy-weight striped washing silk suitable for ordinary wear or tennis.

In furnishing fabrics, cretonnes start as low as 1*s.* the yard, a bold and particularly effective floral design on repp cloth, 30 inches wide, being dropped from 3*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 11*d.* Fifty-inch wide hand-blocked printed tissues are marked at less than half the original price, a bird and flower design on flame ground dropping from 12*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 11*d.* the yard. The charges for making linen covers, curtains, and the like come equally in the sale spirit at this Knightsbridge house. And every Thursday remnants will be sold at half-price.

A Most Illuminative Catalogue

That all may participate in their annual July sale, Robinson and Cleaver, Donegall Place, Belfast, have issued an exhaustive price list of the household linens and damasks they are clearing at great reductions. These are at 25 to 27½ per cent. below the present-day value, and as every article they send out is guaranteed to give complete satisfaction, the most fastidious need not fear or hesitate to do this section of their sale shopping through the post. Here is one example, but it fully suffices to show the general trend of prices. Double damask tea or lunch cloths 45 by 45 inches are to be had for 6*s.* 3*d.* each, dinner napkins 22 by 22 inches to match coming out at 9*s.* 9*d.* the half-dozen. Every single page, however, teems with interest, and the catalogue can be had just for the trouble of asking for it.

The Quality Sale

Nothing added to and nothing exempted is the sale procedure at Woollands, Knightsbridge. This is just a frank clearance of surplus stock, and the name of Woollands stands for everything that is distinctive and exclusive.

Merely to dip into the bargains: there are sport skirts, beautifully cut and tailored, made of best quality check and striped tweeds that will not stand long on the order of selling at 15*s.* 11*d.*, smart tailor-mades in check suitings ranging from 3⅛ guineas—reductions in every case of a drastic character. A *chic* mannish type of double-breasted overcoat, in many shades of brown and fawn checks, is marked down to 49*s.* 6*d.*, another, somewhat similar, in Scotch tweeds, West of England homespuns, and over-checks, at 4½ guineas, representing unique purchases.

Woollands are clearing their entire stock of metal brocades, tissues, metal ninons, printed crêpe de Chine, and chiffon at amazing reductions. Every Thursday is set apart for remnants at half-price, and at this establishment there is one of the most comfortable luncheon rooms in Town.

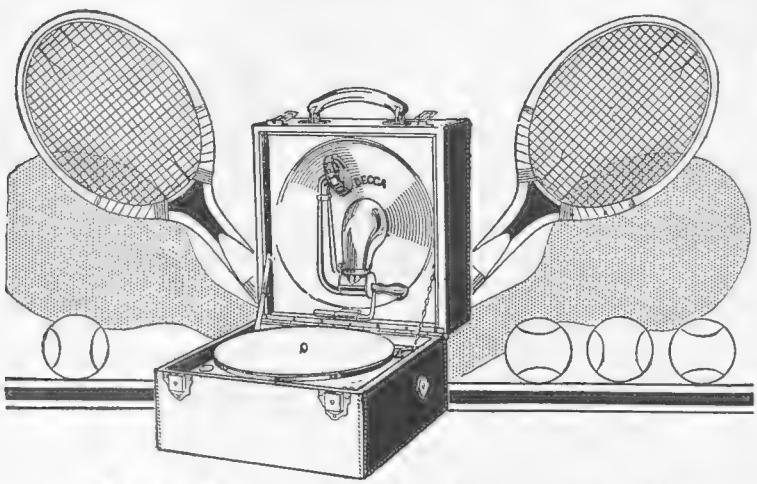
IN FLOWERY LANGUAGE

One of the beautifully decorated cars in the famous Fête des Narcisses recently held at Montreux. The fragrant loveliness of the flowers gave place, in the evening, to a wonderful pyrotechnic display at the Venetian fête on the lake

A Dainty Trimming for Dainty Frocks

To hand I have a series of the very prettiest embroidered washing ribbons from the old-established firm of J. and J. Cash of Coventry. Anything sweeter and more appropriate to children's tub frocks it would be impossible to imagine. The widths vary from about ⅜ inch to 1½ inches, and on white grounds there are woven small, delicately coloured posies, with a line-coloured border edge. They

(Continued on page xiv)



A Musical Interlude

WHEN the courts are crowded and many of you are waiting for a game—then is the time you want your Decca.

The handy, portable Decca, with its pure full tone, was just made to bring added gaiety to even the happiest of out-o'door games. Don't forgo this added pleasure—get a Decca now; you'll get such a lot of enjoyment out of it.

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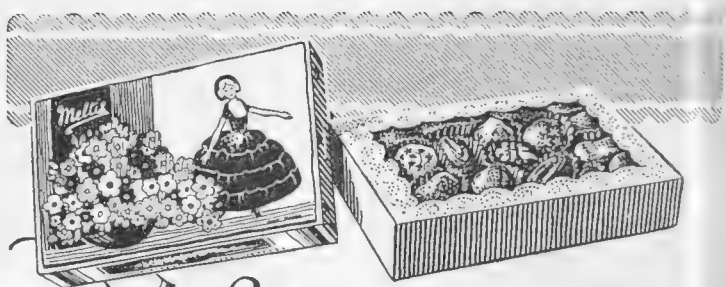

A Standing Invitation—

The sight of an open box of MELTIS Assorted CHOCOLATES is a standing invitation to help ourselves—as long as the contents last. One of the pleasures of Meltis Chocolates is that they disappear quickly! That's a curious idea, perhaps; but think of the joy of buying another box!

Varieties:

"GAIETY" "VANITY" "SUPREME" "KING GEORGE" "FAIRY TOWN"

Meltis "Every piece a pleasure!"

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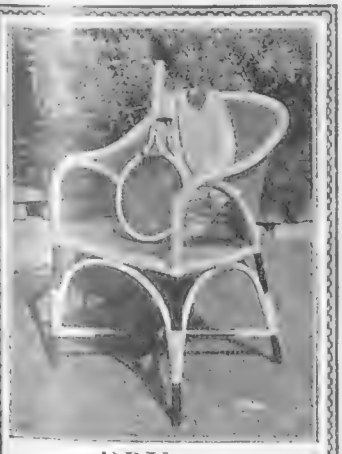

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The label "Dryad" guarantees quality.
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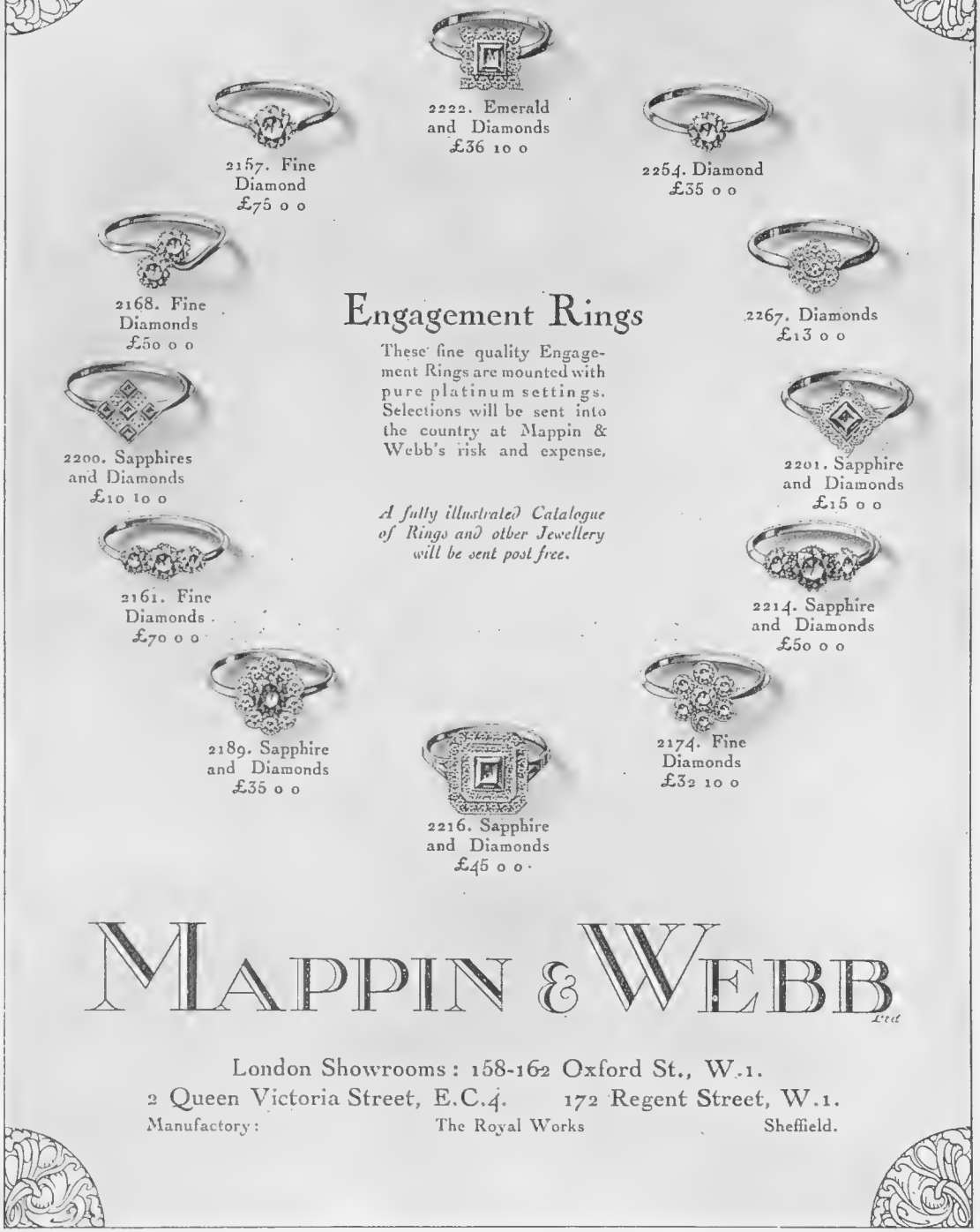

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The IDEAL HOLIDAY

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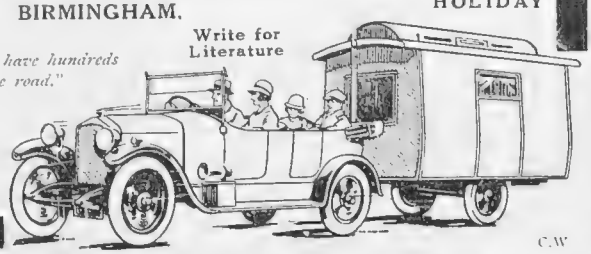

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Sizes for all occasions to suit purse, pocket and dressing table,
1/3, 1/6, 2/3, 3/6, 6/6, 12/-

CP 101-202 CROWN PERFUMERY CO LTD

are, too, equally applicable to underwear, especially the narrow widths which used to take the place of handwork and hemstitching, and are particularly decorative. Messrs. J. and J. Cash are always pleased to forward an assortment if required by request, the retail prices ranging from 3*s.* 5*d.* to 8*s.* 10*d.* the dozen yards.

Figure Proportions

SMALL wonder the *salons* at 25, Old Bond Street are overflowing with clients, for Elizabeth Arden has established herself as an authority, second to none, on all that pertains to the care and culture of the skin and complexion, adding to these an equally important asset, the care and proportionate value of the body. Always keen on physical exercises as a means towards preserving health and the lissomness of youth, Elizabeth Arden has of late considerably developed this side of her treatments.

One of her greatest successes is a rolling machine, a passive form of exercise that is being found invaluable by women who, either from the weight of years, overmuch flesh, or a weak heart, need to derive all the same benefits as the young do from individual efforts.

This rolling is a form of massage, and for home treatment is supplied in the guise of small rollers that are quite easily handled on the back, shoulders, arms and legs. In fact, there is no part of the anatomy that has not been studied with a view of bringing the body into beautiful proportion.

Especially recommended and most helpful during the summer months is the Venetian Bleachine cream for preserving the skin from sunburn. The chief ingredient of this is fresh lemon, and it only requires to be used perhaps once a week to keep off those ugly burnt patches. Another splendid bleach cream actually removes sunburn, freckles, and the like discoloration from face, neck, and hands. It is not rubbed in, but smoothed lightly over, and is never left on all night without first testing the sensibility of the skin.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE

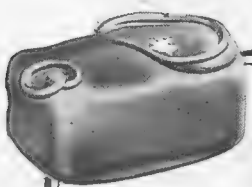
As Raphael Nelson sees him. An exhibition of Mr. Nelson's forceful caricatures of prominent politicians and men of letters is to be held at the Arlington Galleries this month

The Answer's a———

The fortunate ones who have wandered through Sicily will probably retain vivid memories of the fragrant lemon groves, golden in the sunshine. How many million lemons are grown each year? If one has a mind for statistics this problem will afford a pleasant mental exercise in the hot weather. One English firm alone — Messrs. Foster Clark, Ltd. — use thirty-five million lemons annually in the manufacture of their Eiffel Tower Lemonade. Myself, I am content to enjoy this cool, refreshing product of the lemon without worrying about these " acid " statistics!

A Golfing Guide

The earnest golfer intent on his holiday—and, *bien entendu*, his hobby—will welcome the new handbook, *Golf At Its Best*, issued by the London Midland and Scottish Railway. It contains an account of thirty of the principal golf courses in the Kingdom, evidently written by One Who Knows: in other words, a writer who understands the triumphs and disappointments that lie in wait for those who go down to the tee in plus-fours. The book is profusely illustrated by drawings and photographs, and is warranted to soothe the most pronounced golfing temperament.



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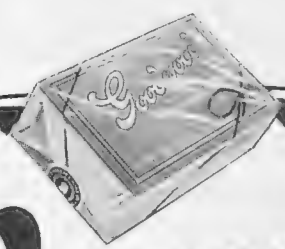
Have you tried Goodwood?—17 different kinds of chocolates in the orange-and-gold box.



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In addition, this instrument is a marvel of ingenuity; as the lid is raised the shutters of the tone-chamber open automatically, the tone arm rises and the instrument is ready for playing.

NOTHING TO DO BUT OPEN AND PLAY.

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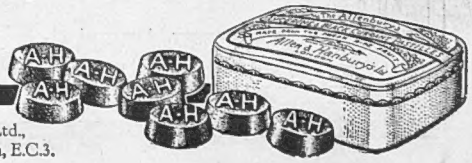

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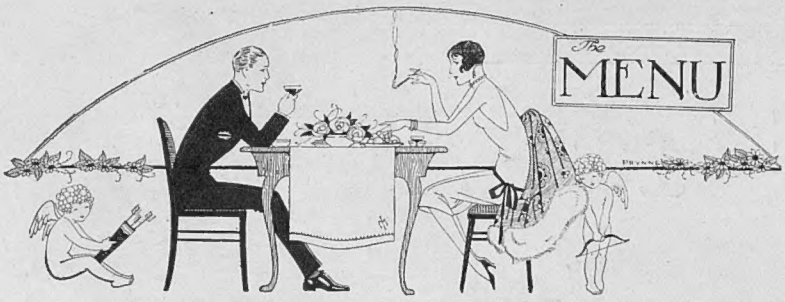

LIGHT SUMMER DISHES

Soufflé of Turbot — Eggs and Mushrooms
Tournédos of Beef — Sauce Piquante
Ham and Tomatoes — Fricasséed Sweetbread
Pea and Potato Salad

Soufflé of Turbot

Rub 1 lb. of turbot through a sieve, add one teaspoonful of breadcrumbs which have been cooked in milk and drained as dry as possible, a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, half a teaspoonful of cream, a little salt, cayenne, and a pinch of mace. Then stir in the beaten whites of 4 eggs, turn into a mould, and steam for twenty minutes. Pour round a thick cheese sauce, and serve very hot.

Eggs and Mushrooms

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan, and when melted stir into it one tablespoonful of flour; blend well, and then add half a pint of brown stock, a few mushrooms (cut in dice), salt and pepper. Allow these ingredients to simmer for ten minutes, then add six hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, boil up and serve.

Tournédos of Beef

These should be made from the fillet, and about 2 lbs. cut into eight neat slices will be sufficient for a fair-sized entrée. Season well with pepper and salt, and cook them in butter (about 2 ozs.) in a sauté-pan; turn them frequently after the slices have browned. Place in an entrée-dish and pour over the fillets the sauce piquante. Garnish them with cooked green peas and serve.

Sauce Piquante

Fry in 1 oz. of butter one small onion, half a carrot and three mushrooms, all cut up small, and fry till brown; then stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour (½ oz.), and half a pint of stock. Then add a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, and one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Let this simmer for twenty minutes, add a pinch of salt, cayenne, and two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Strain through a sieve and serve hot.

Ham and Tomatoes

Fry some nicely trimmed slices of ham, and when ready place in a hot dish on the top of the stove. Have ready peeled four tomatoes; place these with a teaspoonful of minced onion in the frying-pan from which the ham has just been taken; season with pepper and salt, and add a gill of water. Dredge in a little flour, stir all together till the sauce becomes perfectly smooth and thick, and add a few drops of colouring. Pour round the ham and serve with peas.

Fricasseed Sweetbread

Place on a hot dish some rounds of toast with a slice of fried bacon on each. Parboil a sweetbread, cut it into slices, and fry it in bacon fat; arrange this on the dish with the bacon and toast. Melt a little butter, add a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce and the juice of half a lemon; stir, pour over the sweetbread and serve.

Pea and Potato Salad

Take half a pint of cold cooked peas and 1 lb. of cooked new potatoes cut into slices, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs till quite smooth, add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, pepper, salt and cayenne to taste, and three tablespoonfuls of cream; when all these are thoroughly mixed together add a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Mix well and serve.

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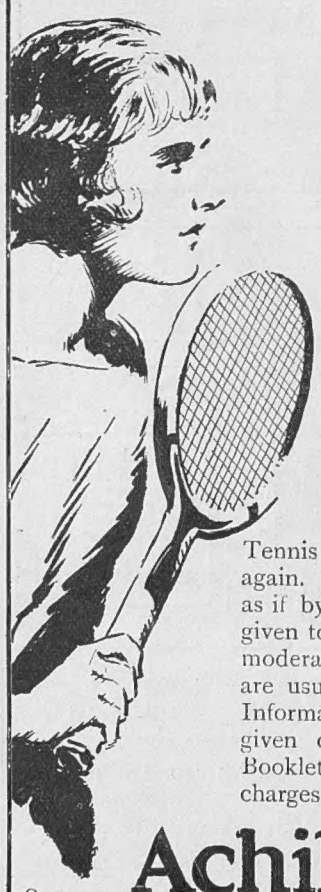

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THE PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS

THE MAN WHO WENT FOR A WALK—IN PARIS

THE Man Who Hated Shopping said that he had not the slightest intention of wasting his morning hanging about outside places, while I wasted my time and his money inside them. As the occasion called for tactful handling, I suggested a walk instead, so we set out, he—poor thing—blindly congratulating himself on having gained his point. As he wanted to see the Arc de Triomphe, we set off down the Rue de la Paix, where even he could not refuse to look in at Doucet to see some of the beautiful gowns and furs; and he enjoyed the stroll through the Place Vendôme to the Place de la Concorde all the more after the short rest. In the Champs Elysées he was so delighted with the vista from the Rond Point that he insisted on sitting down to admire it, while I profited by the occasion to stroll down the Avenue Montaigne, where I spent a very pleasant half hour *chez* Madeleine Vionnet, and bought the opera cloak I had coveted for months.

From there it was so simple to pay a flying visit to Marthe Régnier in the Rue François *1er*, and to return along the Rue de Marignan, with just a peep in at Yvonne Davidson's fascinating suits. When the Man had feasted his eyes on the Place de l'Etoile, I suggested a taxi to W. H. Smith's in the Rue de Rivoli for a cup of tea. This mellowed him so much that he fell in at once with my suggestion of a visit to Carette in the Boulevard Haussmann, where I spent a good hour among her delectable tailor-mades. . . . There was no need to visit Nina Caron in the Rue d'Alger, as Envoi de Paris had already made several purchases for me there, while I was in England. All of which goes to show, that in Paris, with proper handling, a man may be taken for walks *and* walks.

R. N. B.

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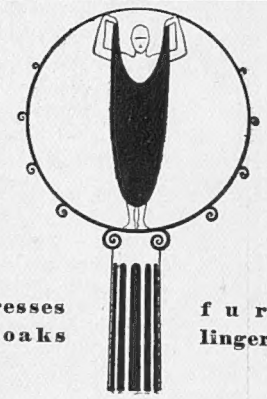

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